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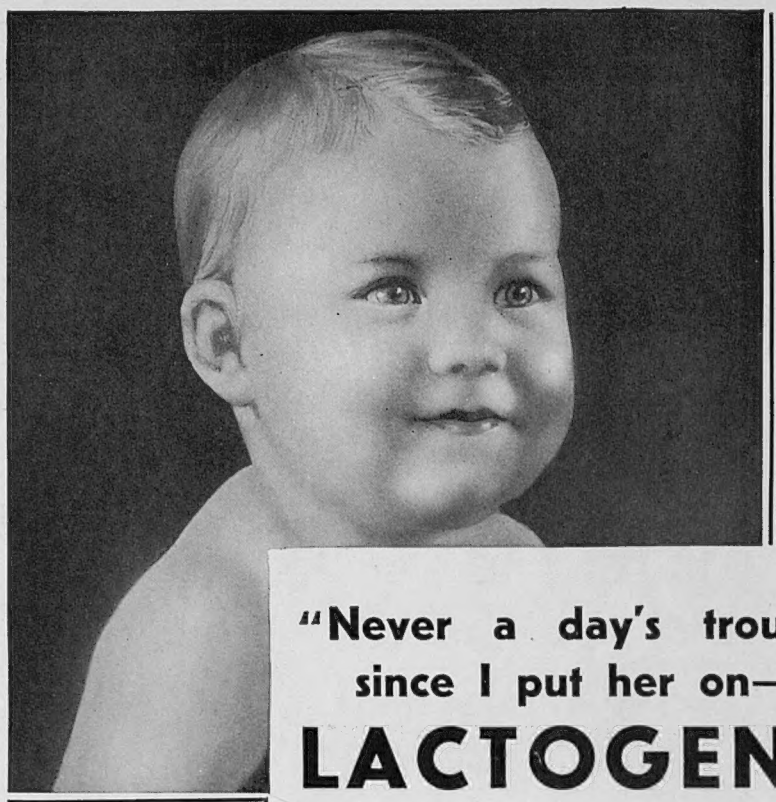

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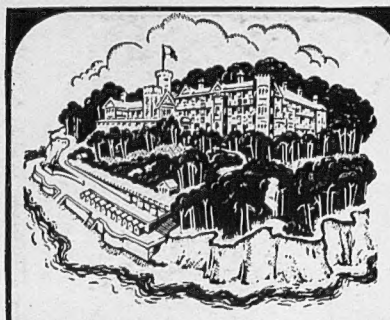

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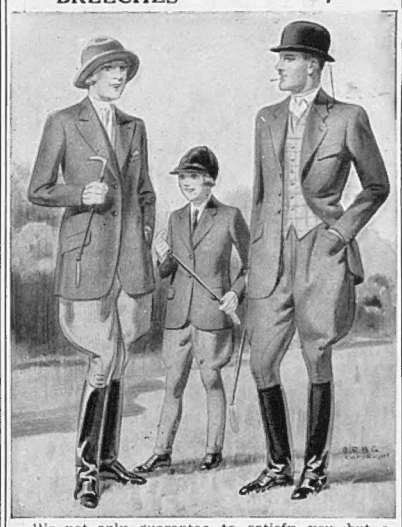

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly Volume CXXVII No. 1657 Price One Shilling, Postage { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. } London, October 24, 1931

GOLD for FRANCE from AMERICA

Small Kegs of Gold on Board a Tug Meeting the "Aquitania" at Cherbourg

The great feature of finance at the moment is the colossal withdrawals of gold from the U.S.A. This picture shows $7,000,000 on board the *Aquitania*—a mere drop in the ocean, for some $600,000,000 has either been withdrawn or has been earmarked for withdrawal within the last month. Though Bank Rate in New York has twice been raised, gold is still departing from the U.S.A. It is estimated, however, that so strong are America's reserves of gold that she can stand the drain at the present unprecedented rate for a month more without abandoning the gold standard

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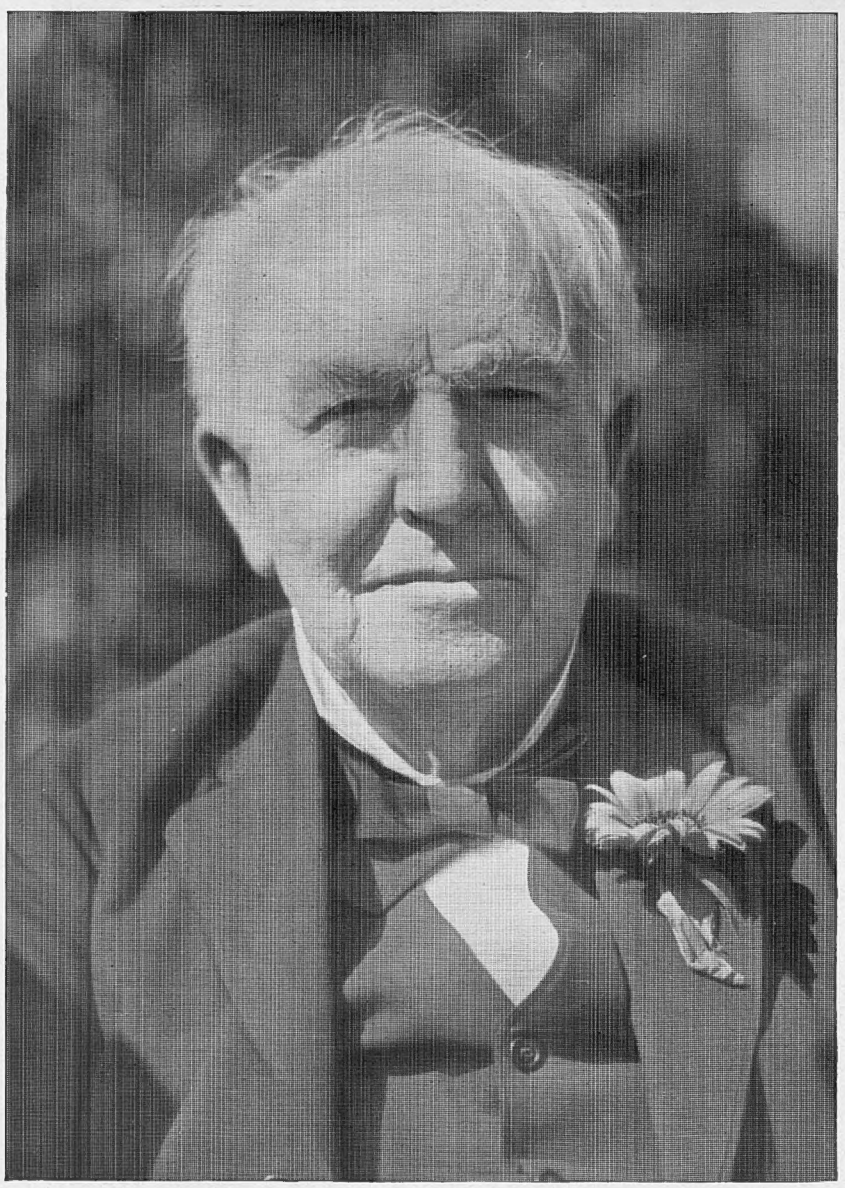


THE HUSBAND OF NECESSITY—THE FATHER OF INVENTION: Thomas Alva Edison, the American genius to whom phonographs, gramophones, telegraphs, telephones, lighting and wireless brought equal opportunities, seized with equal ingenuity and awarded with equal success. Edison's home-life was as idyllic as his work-life was strenuous. In late life he averaged but four hours sleep in the twenty-four and subsisted on an amazingly light diet. Unlike his fellow American superman, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, he has not amassed a huge fortune and has remained at work almost until the day of his death last week-end at the age of 84. He lay in state in his laboratories at West Orange, New Jersey

A London Newsletter

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 21, 1931

Mr. Clynes States His Case.—I have heard Mr. Clynes speak more often than any other Socialist except Messrs. MacDonald and Thomas, and I would rather hear him than either of the others. For I have been greatly won over by his restraint and quiet dignity of utterance and his ingenuous lucidity. But when he metaphorically "resumed his seat" in the B.B.C. studio last week and said to the nation's jury of voters, "That, gentlemen, is our case," I heaved a sigh of relief and "knew there was but one way." If Mr. Clynes on such a notable occasion, following too on Mr. Baldwin's victory speech, could stutter so foggily and so petulantly, must so painfully and clumsily reveal the nakedness, the barrenness, the lack of logic, of common sense, and even of decency in the Hendersonian case, I knew beyond doubt that patriots had no further need to await the issue of the election with anxiety. The size of the majority is another matter. I have always been anxious, because I realize how easy of persuasion is the bulk of the electorate to whom politics is spelt pockets. But even in this year of grace only a minority of the nation will plump for suicide for the price of a Barmecide's feast before the *auto-da-fé*, and even the shrewd and paid agitator sees the absurdity of living on a grievance without any place in which to air it. Mr. Clynes has convinced me that we can already look beyond the polling day, and issue some grave warnings to the National Government which is to be.

Illi Robur.—Have you glanced at the election posters? And did you shudder? There they are, flaunting themselves in all their unchanging garishness, their bald and blatant exaggeration. There is the widow and orphan with her meagre loaf, and the working man with his hod, or the unemployed man wearily standing at the street corner, each being assured in bold type that his or her future is assured if he or she votes so-and-so. Truly Lord Stonehaven and his opposite numbers must have hearts shod with iron to be able to approve and distribute these documents. For consider . . . of all the protagonists in the field, of every party, there is not one who has not failed since the War, who has not promised a millennium and contributed his little bit of hell. I am not blaming them. They are ordinary men—most of them honest and hardworking—who were quite unfit to cope with abnormal difficulties, or men of brains and high ability quite unsuited to political life, and their record is appalling, their failure smells to heaven! And here are the posters out again, exactly as they appeared in the elections of the 1920's, boldly promising results from the same frail hands. They do not blench or tremble when they read those lamentable slogans and declaim them. Neither must we. We must have memories as short as theirs, consciences as easy. We must win this election, not expecting a millennium, asking only a respite, one further chance of repentance for blind and warring nations, for unreasoning masses and their cynic exploiters, for a return of sanity to a war-worn civilization, and of courage and patriotism to its leaders.

A Little Humility.—It may be these posters—blatant and obvious and brazen as they are—are necessary. The average intelligence of the sum of the voters of this country does not reach that of a boy in the lowest form of a private school. When we look at them we shudder, not so much because of their vulgarity, not because we remember all the recent pictorial promises of homes for heroes and millenniums for mill-hands, but because we remember most bitterly and vividly the way in which the Conservatives in particular squandered that great opportunity which the nation gave them after the fall of the first Labour Government. And so to-day what we dread is not so much the failure of these Ministers in an appallingly difficult task as the return of sloth, of party strategy, and of personal axe-grinding the moment our mandate gives them a false sense of security. We ask of them to-day nothing at all but a little decent humility and a larger share of courage, of patriotism, of unselfishness, of common foresight than they have given us since the Armistice. We have no illusions at all about statesmanship. We don't credit them with inspiration or genius. We ask them to behave at least like the honest hacks they should be, and do their best, pulling unselfishly together. The day of great statesmen ended with Gladstone, when government of a modern State became a task not for mere men but for supermen.

And a Great Deal of Pride.—A little humility for home consumption and any amount of pride and confidence in our Imperial and International relations—that is the mixture the doctor orders with his mandate. Promise to us (and stick to it *after* the election) your humble, honest, unselfish best, and no miracles. Show to the Empire and Europe a bold, proud front, mirroring Britain's return of faith in her genius to govern and succeed. Mr. Coward is our modern Shakespeare, I suppose. His genius lies in anticipating before his rivals the mood in which Britain will awake to-morrow. There is not a doubt that to-morrow's national mood is to be Pride of Race, a great revival in patriotic ardour and even arrogance, following the nation's mandate. "Dammit, after all, it's rather splendid to be British, what?" Mr. Coward's genius has ensured another long run for his patriotic show, *Cavalcade*, and this election will ensure some sort of further run for Britain. Shakespeare did the same thing for Elizabeth, Addison's *Cato* for Anne, Tennyson for Victoria. *Redeunt Saturnia Regna*. This is the age of Democracy, the great test for Democracy which has always failed hitherto in history—Mr. Baldwin says so. Very well. Arrogance towards the governed was well suited to an aristocracy ruling an illiterate mass. For a semi-educated Democracy, strength with a decent and sincere show of humility is the ministerial ticket, humility and faith in the people's ability to hear and bear the truth. Especially if past failure cries to heaven. MacDonald, Baldwin, Simon, and the rest of you, for the love of sanity and humour, take note of what I say. We can still forgive your honest failure but not your arrogance, not a firm determination to amend which barely survives a week of power.

The Password is "England".—Yes, Noel Coward has guessed right again. Genius, says Chesterton, is an infinite capacity for guessing right. To-morrow's password is *England* (Britain if you prefer it). This election is to ensure a new wave of patriotic enthusiasm. "Always the same, always game, John Bull." England for the English, and the English for England. British spas, British Rivieras, British winter sports, British motor-cars, British farm-produce, British fashions in dress and sport and recreation, British films, British composers, British industries, British weather, British (drain the cup to the dregs) cooking, British literature, British pride of race (so damnable in French eyes). How long (too long) we have been thralls to America (films, jazz, cocktails, miniature-golf, and other footling bumble puppies), to Deauville and the Lido, to German culture in literature and hygiene, to negroid culture in art. And to-morrow John Bull is to awake and find himself famous, and will be heard singing in his morning bath:

"For in spite of all temptations (and
they were many and alluring)
To belong to other nations
He remained an Englishman."

The roast beef (with mashed potatoes and boiled cabbage and a dirty cruet) of old England!

Sheer Pluck.—My hat is perpetually in my hand just now. In these hectic weeks, I take my hat off to all candidates fighting in the National interest seats where distress and unemployment are rife. Especially to National Socialists, and most of all to Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Thomas. The former, at any rate, having regard to the unrelieved strain of the past months on a constitution far from robust, is showing at Seaham precisely the courage of Scott and Oates which Barrie immortalized. And Mr. Thomas at Derby is proving the sheer force of character against obstacles that might seem insurmountable. This is the courage we dream of for our rulers, and it is our prayer that those who are prepared to show it to obtain power will not relax it when they achieve power.

Manchuria and the League.—The trouble with all our post-war ideals is that we are trying to accomplish in a few years what demands a century of slow and sure evolution. This is just as true in international as in domestic affairs. When the War broke out the need for improving the conditions and standards of living among the lower classes was overdue and urgent. After the peace we rushed on reforms with such rapidity as to bring our countries to the verge of bankruptcy. And so with the ideals of international fellowship and peace. The League of Nations needed careful nursing, little wing exercises from low boughs, and easy first flights. The Kellogg Pact was ideally sound if no one called its bluff for a couple of decades. But the Manchurian situation always loomed up menacing and inevitable, and the Sino-Japanese quarrel has forced the fledgling to premature flight. That is why we should (if we could think of two things at once) be watching with the deepest interest and anxiety the events in Manchuria and at Geneva. If the League fails now, not only is a grand-scale Far Eastern War inevitable, but the whole economic salvation of Western civilization is menaced. For if the League fails China, bang go the only material inducements by which Europe can be persuaded to large-scale disarmament next year. Until the League was formed, recourse to arms was the inevitable final resort in international disputes, and until the League proves itself it so remains. And while war remains, armaments must be maintained, and armaments mean bankruptcy for Europe and America. That is why Mr. Hoover is growing so daring and so obliging.

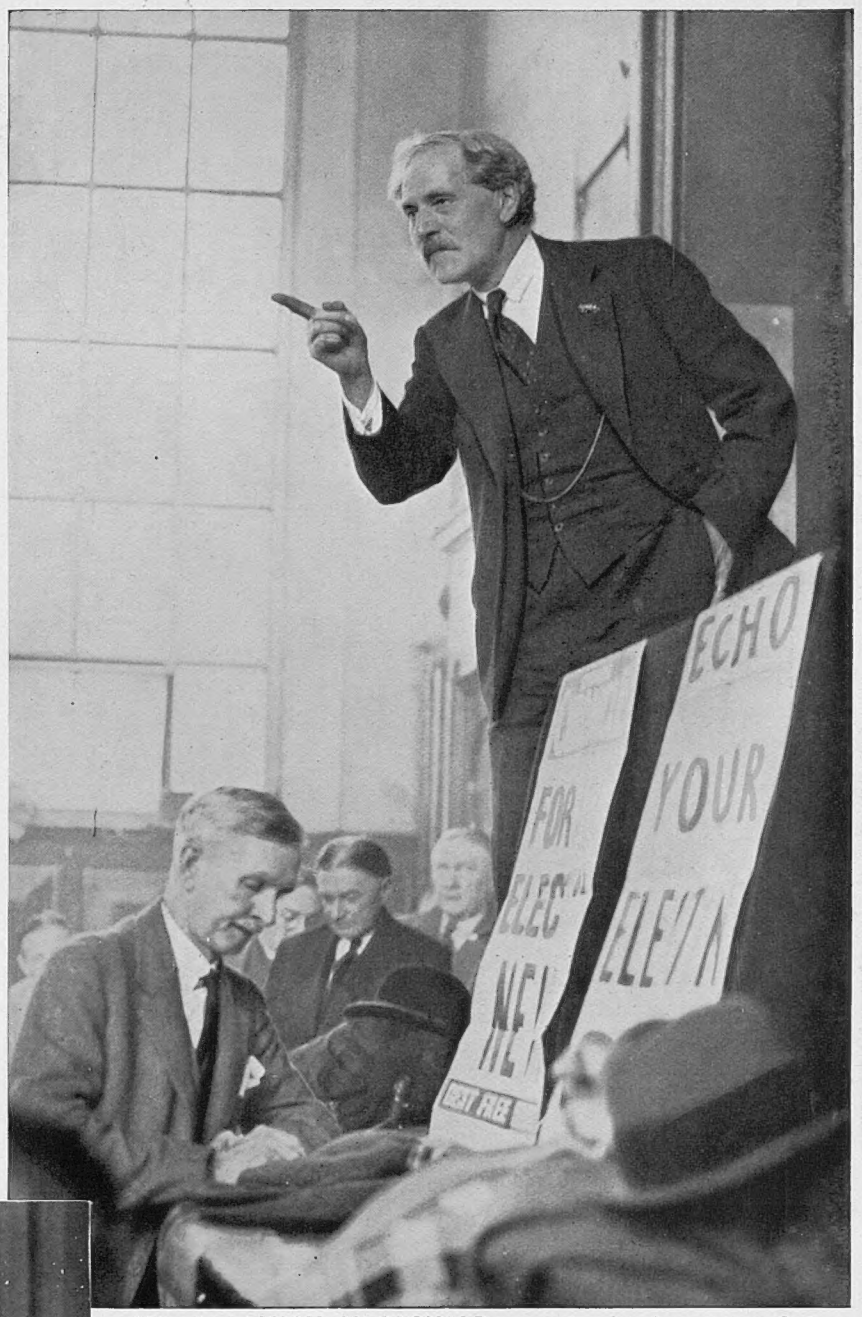
The Duke.—I have passed three happy evenings with Mr. Guedalla's *Duke of Wellington*, that victim "much exposed to authors." And I take off my hat to Mr. Guedalla's industry and care. It is not often nowadays that there are any more facts disclosed in a modern biography than are catalogued in beautiful terseness in D.N.B. Mr. Guedalla has found some new matter and succeeds in keeping the Duke alive beyond 1815, and he has attempted on this occasion to control his lust for fireworks and for the obscurities of epigram-at-any-cost. Indeed his fireworks grow less effective as they grow fewer. I have one bone to pick with the Duke's latest author. He remains unrepentantly a young Lytton-Stracheyite. The school of Lytton Strachey holds blindly to the view that anybody not alive to-day must necessarily be ridiculous. I have grave doubts about this. I believe the view held in Valhalla is quite the reverse. Of course there is art in this universal contempt for their subjects by modern biographers. I don't deny that. Pope's method was to flatter the victim he intended to lash and lay bare. The Lytton Strachey School make clowns of their victims in order to give greater effect to the inevitable purple passage of funeral oration. With this mild comment I say a hearty thanks to Philip Guedalla.

Edison.—That wonderful old man Thomas Edison, who had for weeks been so very slowly sinking, died on Sunday. He started from small beginnings at the street corner, and Fortune bumping into him, he seized him by the beard. It is my belief that Fortune is a jostler and traffic menace and bumps into every man-jack of us, but only the young Edisons seize him by the beard. Edison saved a life and thereby got his chance, and benefited by it. The boy who was taught the principles of electricity (as then understood) lived to register 1,300 patents and to be the father of the gramophone. But *Vox et praeterea nihil* does not apply to him. Incandescent lamps, telephones, gramophones, wireless, all came alike to him. He improved on everything he examined. His name is an echo in my childhood's memory. The first scientific thrill I can remember to have registered was the phonograph, that very imperfect box of magic. An unforgettable banjo solo by Olley Oakley (still, I believe, in our midst) was presented by a voice which in an appalling American twang declaimed "Edison-Bell Reccud." And, indeed, Edison set Bells ringing all across the World.

LEADERS *of the* NATIONAL PARTY

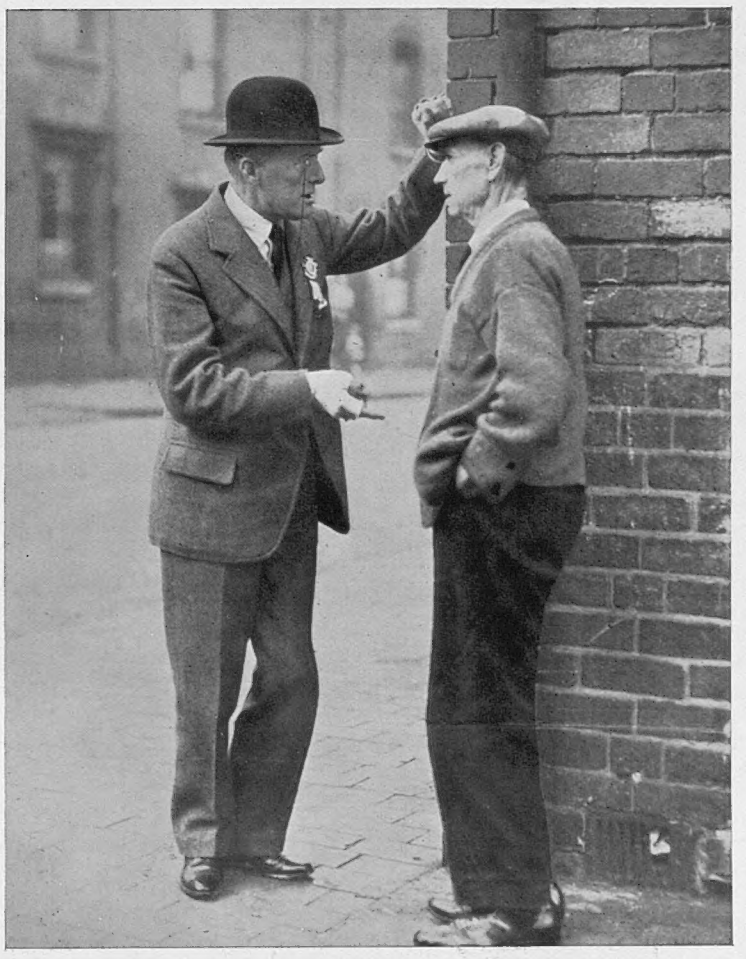
in Scenes of Pre-Election Activity

MR. J. H. THOMAS: One of the big men to follow his leader into the Socialist wilderness, and thereby severed his long connection with the N.U.R. He is fighting Derby, his old constituency—and bids fair to be successful despite a powerful Labour opposition and a false but plugged cry of "treachery." He is fighting Mr. W. R. Raines (Lab.)



MR. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, contesting his former seat, Seaham, Durham, is fighting against the organization which helped him win his seat by a majority of 28,000 at the last election. At a mass meeting of miners—a "Red" element in the constituency—he was cheered to the echo. He is fighting Messrs. George Lumley (Com.) and William Coxon (Lab.)

MISS THELMA CAZALET, who is engaged in a straight fight with another woman candidate, Mrs. L. Manning (Lab.), for East Islington, had the powerful support of Mr. Baldwin at a meeting at Finsbury Park Empire. The fact that the Conservative leader has been returned unopposed for Bewdley has enabled him to devote himself entirely to assisting Nationalist candidates in their several constituencies



SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, opposed in West Birmingham by Mr. O. G. Willey (Lab.), canvasses at a street corner. In Darwen alone is an avowedly National candidate being opposed by a Conservative candidate. There Sir Herbert Samuel is the "victim." In other constituencies there has been an unprecedented number of patriotic withdrawals

BRITAIN'S

A Survey

THE MICROPHONE AND LOUD-SPEAKER ELECTION: Lord Borodale, the son of the Earl of Beatty, who is contesting Peckham in the National and Conservative interest, is seen employing the latest electioneering devices at an open-air meeting in the triangle. A great many candidates are reinforcing hoarse and weary voices with radio

THE FLEET OF "THE CAPTAIN WHO STUCK TO HIS SHIP": Some of the dozen 'planes, lent by private owners and kept ever in readiness at Heston, to fly passengers and literature to any part of the country. *Inset* is Miss Delia Crossley, one of the pilots of the national air fleet

"No. 10, DOWNING STREET."—BIRMINGHAM! Commander Locker-Lampson canvassing at a familiar address in an unfamiliar locality, i.e. Handsworth, Birmingham

HARD AT WORK THOUGH UNOPPOSED: Sir William and Lady Davison endeavour to win the support of workmen engaged in the former's constituency, South Kensington, for the National Government

vital ELECTION

of Activity Throughout the Country

INSIDE INFORMATION: Sorting out circulars at full speed at the Conservative Central Offices, Palace Chambers, Westminster. These are the "silent canvassers" of the constituencies

MAN TO MAN—HOLE! Mr. George Mitcheson, whose National Liberal opponent (after a spectacular challenge to shoot, box, wrestle, or debate) withdrew to leave him a straight fight with Mr. Carter, the Socialist candidate, canvasses in an unusual place

"OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES . . .": Captain Ian Fraser, the blind Conservative candidate for North St. Pancras, is making strenuous endeavours to regain his seat. He is immensely popular in his constituency in which he is opposed by Messrs. J. Marley (Labour) and W. Shepherd (Communist) in a triangular fight

UNOPPOSED: Captain A. J. K. Todd, the retiring member for Berwick-on-Tweed Division, was returned unopposed at Alnwick. Captain Todd, a Conservative, is seen here with the Duchess of Northumberland, President of the Berwick Conservative Association, who signed his principal nomination papers, and Mr. G. Beattie, his agent

	State of Parties at Dissolution, 1931	State of Parties as we go to press
Conservative -	262	49
Labour - -	280	6
Liberal - -	55	5
National Liberal	—	7
National Labour	—	—
Independent	18	—
	615	67

The Stock Exchange quotes a 200 National Majority

Canvassing
Scenes of

VOTES
Electioneering

LADY SIMON CANVASSES for her husband in Millbridge, Leeds, the division gaining the largest increase in membership

THE CANDIDATE CANVASSES: Sir John Simon chats to a Cleckheaton (Bradford) woman voter clad in the picturesque shawl of the north country

"STEPS" TO SUCCESS: Mr. N. D. C. Colman, the Conservative candidate, canvasses a busy house-wife while touring Brixton, his constituency

LADY JOAN PEAKE canvasses the poor districts in Central Leeds, on behalf of her husband, Mr. Osbert Peake, M.P. (C.)

"THE FEAST OF REASON— Sir Kenyon and Lady Vaughan-Morgan canvass workmen in the Fulham East area during lunch hour. It is to men of this calibre that the most urgent appeal is being made; they probably voted Labour last time

—THE FLOW OF SOUL": Mr. Lewis Gluckstein, Conservative candidate for East Nottingham, makes a few telling points during the lunch hour in the canteen of one of the great works in which his constituency abounds

EAST ISLINGTON: Lady Margaret and Lady Helen Vane-Tempest-Stewart, and Miss Romaine Combe (centre), the fiancée of Lord Castlereagh, canvass for Miss Thelma Cazalet

FORTUNE: Mr. Ernest Brown, candidate for Leith, when canvassing the Newhaven fisherfolk, had his fortune told—but did not cross the teller's palm with silver on account of the Corrupt Practices Act!

STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH! "Back the Nationalists" is the tip Commander Southby, candidate for Epsom, tells the stables he canvasses

WORDS OF WISDOM: Mrs. Tennant, the rival to Mr. Jack Jones, canvasses the housewives' votes in her constituency of Silvertown, E.

"BRING UP A CHILD . . .": Dr. Marion Philipps, the Labour candidate for Sunderland, interests the young of her constituency while canvassing

SAFEGUARDING THE FARMER is the policy of the Nationals stressed by Mr. P. J. Pybus, National Liberal candidate for Norwich

The WATCH *for the* ELECTION BOMBSHELL

Both Sides are Tensely Vigilant as the Final Hour of the Fateful Contest Draws Near

By
CHARLES T. KING
(Past Chairman of the Parliamentary Lobbyists)

The General Election is reaching its feverish crescendo. A few days ago, when I was at the G.H.Q. of one of the contending parties, a clever, experienced official ceased speaking and in silence walked slowly along the floor of his room. Then, half aloud, he said, "I don't know what the enemy is doing."

He turned to me and added, "perhaps I shall soon know what new sudden hidden attack I shall have to meet. I wonder," he went on almost in a hushed whisper, "what they'll spring on us at the last moment. Anyhow, I think we shall be ready for them."

Every resource, brains, aeroplanes, telephones, all-night printing machines, motor-cycles, speed cars—all was ready.

The wiles of those who work the political party machines in the terrific contest for victory at the polls frequently produce last-minute bombshells. Some of these are firmly founded on truth, others are unscrupulous lies.

As an instance of the former I well remember the Red bombshell which hurtled across the political terrain in the form of the famous Zinovieff Letter. By a wonderful coincidence or else by brilliant design it burst with devastating effect at the very last moment of the fight.

It shouted aloud to the electors in dramatic form (too late for its effects to be nullified by any Socialist counterblast) that there were those at work in Russia and in Britain the logical outcome of whose efforts, if successful, would be to dethrone the King, wreck the Church, disrupt the Navy, disband the Army, and make the holdings of the thrifty in savings-banks, provident societies, and freehold homes vanish into thin air.

EVEN THE CHILDREN PLAY "ELECTION": A small kilted boy in Hyde Park addresses his "constituents"—the kiddies with whom he plays. This delightful picture shows to what a pitch of political enthusiasm this fateful "sink or swim" election has roused the whole country

Going a bit farther back, there was the extremely successful Liberal cry of "Chinese slavery." This, no doubt, cost the Conservatives thousands upon thousands of votes, slavery being repugnant to the British conscience. Of course, after the election was all over and the Liberals had surged into the new House of Commons in overwhelming numbers, it was admitted that the word "slavery" applied to the Chinese labour under the late Conservative Government, was a "terminological inexactitude."

To go back, for a moment, farther still, there was the belief that Jesse Collings had said that his Party would give everybody "three acres and a cow." A man who should know tells me that Jesse Collings never said it.

Replies to Party statements at elections are not always made by printed poster or by word of mouth—at any rate not always human mouth.

Sir William Harcourt, the Liberal statesman, bemoaned the fact that a certain constituency had gone over to the Conservatives in a previous contest, so in the succeeding election fight he set off from London saying, "I am going down to the West of England to recover the lost sheep."

When he got down there and stepped out of the train he found to his amazement that the whole station yard was packed thick with sheep. The farmers all round had heard of Harcourt's words, and had driven their bleating flocks to meet him. He was unable to get his carriage out of the station yard. When at last he got to a meeting his speech was drowned by a mighty chorus of "Baa! Baa!"—chanted, this time, *not* by sheep.

The constituency obstinately remained Conservative.

The great Reform Bill of a hundred years ago had its sincere or sarcastic slogan. It was called "The Bill to give Everybody Everything."

In the present election contest the shortest slogan is in seven letters, "BACK MAC."

Going from small size to big, the Conservative G.H.Q., when I was in there the other day, was preparing a number of huge posters, 120 in. by 80. The words on one of them were "S.O.S. Security or Socialism. Your country calls you to support the National Government."

The S.O.S, is printed between two wireless masts.

Another of these monster posters which I saw in preparation runs—

"Keep the Home Fires burning,
Start the Trade Wheels turning,
Back to *Work* and *Earning*.
Vote for the National Government."

Among such vast activities, with such fears and moments of nervousness, the battle between the two sides intensifies during the last few days of the fight.

The greatest day of all, of course, will be next Tuesday (October 27), namely, polling day, when about 30,000,000 electors will elect 615 men and women M.P.s to form the new House of Commons.

(A few dozens, of course, have already become M.P.'s by having a "walk-over" on nomination day on Friday of last week (October 16).)

On the great day, polling day, all the steps in the taking of the votes of the people are closely guarded under rules laid down exactly by strict law.

The person who receives the writ from London at the King's command and puts it into execution down in the boroughs and the shires is the local Returning Officer. He is the sheriff, the mayor, or the chairman of the local authority. He receives £50 in a county division of not more than 25,000 electors, with additional fees for larger electorates, and in a borough he receives £60 in place of the £50.

The Returning Officer is in control of everything, including the appointment of the Presiding Officer of each of the various polling stations of his constituency, and the Presiding Officer has charge of his own polling station and is in command of the various officials, the men who count the votes and others.

The old flagrant incidents of polling day, such as impersonation of dead men and other irregularities, are things of the past. There is a checking system to prevent persons voting over and over again on the lines of the old "Poll early and often."

Gone too, are the familiar tricks of earlier days such as getting fishermen out to sea and seeing that they didn't get back in time to vote; standing a lot of villagers drinks in the local inns and then, having got them obliviously drunk, locking them in until the polling station was closed.

In one case in Ireland, I years ago, there was a candidate who particularly fascinated the women. The men, however, were by no means attracted by this gentleman. The wives, in an effort to prevent the men going to vote against their darling, hid their husbands' clothes. The men, however, went to the poll in blankets.

The Presiding Officer at the polling stations nowadays receives a fee of three guineas in some instances and £3 in others and travelling expenses in certain cases. "When the hurly-burly's done" the ballot boxes are taken from each polling station under guard and opened at the counting place under strict supervision.

The Returning Officer has carefully selected competent persons to do the counting, the doors are guarded and the opposing candidates and the agents of the contending parties are present to watch and see that all is fair and square.

All day long the greatest care has been taken to preserve the hard-won principle of the secrecy of the ballot. Even spoilt ballot papers are not torn up but are carefully put into separate parcels and kept under lock and key in case any reference to them may be needed later on if a scrutiny is demanded by any aggrieved candidate. The unused ballot papers are also carefully locked away for obvious reasons.

With these scrupulous rules—the product of generations of experience and wisdom and our British regard for clean politics—the carrying out of the voting under strict laws will proceed next Tuesday. Thus, safeguarded from bribery and corruption, yet subject to the loud lies, hollow promises, and cunning strategies of certain contending parties, the great electorate of men and women is proceeding to its task.

Slogans, last-minute bombshells, clever colouring of the truth, amid these a colossal army, largely composed of politically ignorant voters, is approaching a fateful decision. The only hope is that there may be a large majority in the new House of Commons because a small majority might be waterlogged into national disaster by an experienced and cunning minority of obstructionists. With these hopes and perils the giant Democracy approaches the fateful moment of the casting of the die.

ENDING THE REIGN *of the* MAFIA

The Last Stages of a Movement in Sicily which is having its Reverberations in the United States

The hydra-headed Mafia is strangled. With merciless ferocity equal only to its own ruthless cruelty, Signor Mussolini has freed Sicily from a 500 years' reign of terror.

Like a malignant disease, the sinister power of the Mafia has sapped the life-blood of the island for centuries. Brave attempts have been made many times to exterminate the Mafia, but its ramifications were too deep-seated in the heart of government.

The Duce gave Cesare Mori, Prefect of Trentino, the job of cleaning up Sicily, and backed him with the whole power of the Fascisti. Five years have sufficed to sweep away the terrorism of five centuries, and to-day, caged behind iron bars in the court of Palermo, stand 241 men said to be the last of the Mafia. Almost 1,000 Mafiosi of both sexes have been convicted of every crime imaginable during Mori's great drive. He was faced with a task of almost superhuman magnitude, for he had to uproot a terror as firmly established as an ancient religion.

Traces of Mafiosi influence will doubtless live on in Sicily. An organization embedded in the life of a people for centuries cannot be completely routed in five short years, but the brain and heart of the Mafia are dead. Any subsequent revivals of activity are but the deathly writhings of the dragon's ugly limbs.

ON TRIAL: A group of caged Mafiosi. It is conventional to incarcerate members of this society in cages after arrest

The Mafia grew to power when Sicily was oppressed by foreign invaders, especially during the Napoleonic wars. It was almost a Nationalist movement at first and dispensed rough justice in the mountains and ruthlessly removed oppressors of the people. But power was too sweet to relinquish in quieter times. Before long, after perpetually flouting law and order with impunity, the Mafiosi took into their own hands the real government of the country. It is significant that the Mafia always supported the Government in power, for through their nominees the real power belonged to them. Largely because of this pernicious system, no effective steps to suppress the organization have been possible.

Everything in Sicily was indirectly in the power of the Mafiosi through the subtle influence of their agents. The brains of the organization were the intelligentsia of the towns, and the hands were the wild hill-men who were all dead shots. Successive governments, police and civic authorities did as they were told or died suddenly. Protection by the Mafia meant life and blackmail, opposition meant death. There was no other alternative.

Nothing could be done in Sicily without the permission of the Mafia. Before Mori came the most rampant blackmail flourished unchecked. Contractors would be compelled to pay £1,000 or more to the Mafia for "protection" before they could begin their work. Refusal meant the theft of materials, no labour available, the burning of plant and buildings, and the murder of overseers. Appeals to authority were useless—they were in league with the Mafia—so eventually the companies were forced to pay.

Landowners were compelled to appoint Mafiosi agents, who administered the estates and grew rich while the unfortunate owners were forced into bankruptcy. Open markets for the sale of effects were then either prohibited or "arranged," the whole of the profits going to the Mafia. Even the poorest peasants had to pay their dues or be subjected to a persecution of relentless ferocity culminating in murder.

To the credit of the Mafia was its own peculiar code of honour. It had some bad points. Appeals to constituted authority were expressly forbidden under pain of death, and blood feuds must be continued to the bitter end. When the gangs quarrelled among themselves the Mafia was in greater danger of extermination than in any of the attacks by Government forces. However, it must be added that all their pledges were scrupulously kept. Once "protection" was paid for, the victim was assured of no further exploitation by Mafiosi, nor would they brook interference from outsiders. If a "mistake" was made, full restitution followed immediately the Mafia chief heard of it. Foreign tourists were always respected, and Mafiosi have been known to wreak terrible vengeance on common thieves who had molested foreigners. They were bandits, but never brigands.

They kept order in the mountain fastnesses and meticulously observed the sacred laws of hospitality. Any fugitive was welcomed without question in the bandits' camp and helped on his way. As he went the Mafia chief would say, "If you are stopped, say you have been my guest." That was a certain passport through the hills.

Yet in spite of their generosity and *beaux gestes*, the Mafiosi were ruthless and relentless criminals.

An organization like the Mafia was anathema to Fascism. Mussolini determined to crush it completely. The man he chose for the job had made three previous and ineffectual attempts, but now for the first time in history he had the full backing of a Government definitely at war with the Mafia. Carabineers, special police, lawyers of scrupulous integrity, and judges who could not be intimidated were enrolled in the campaign, and the result has been a spectacular clean-up. Over 2,500 witnesses were examined, and for the first time in Sicily they spoke freely. In the old days there never were any witnesses to Mafia crimes, though a hundred people might see the deed. Fear of vengeance was ever present.

The Mafia has been utterly routed. About 1,000 convictions, ranging from ten to thirty years penal servitude, have been imposed on Mafiosi of both sexes. The veterans of the gangs will never be allowed to return to Sicily even if they survive their sentences. Banditry is in their blood and no risks are to be taken. The younger men may come back under supervision, but they will be well watched.

Mori is Sicily's St. George. Poor peasants acclaim him as Santo Mori and bow to the dust as he rides by.

L. V. Dodds

AFTERMATH OF A RAID: A lorry full of gendarmes about to return to headquarters after a successful round-up of the Mafiosi

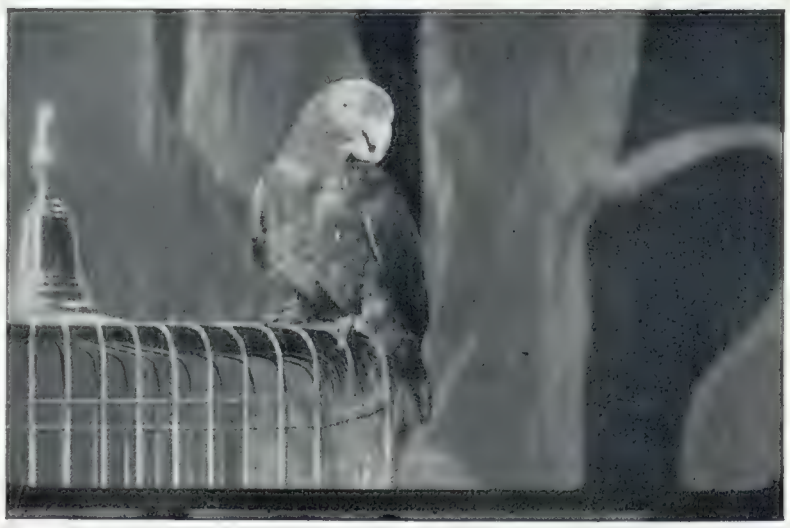
A SUPER-PARROT'S ELECTION HINT

A Wonder Bird which is Singing Patriotic Songs during Election Week

It is often said about human beings that memory is short-lived. Emphatically this is not the case with this unusually intelligent bird, a parrot, which hails from the land of the Springbok.

This light green marvel is forty-five years old (that is nothing, parrots often live to be 100), and formerly belonged to a famous Italian operatic star who brought her to England in the early part of 1914. When the Great War started the singer made a hurried departure for Italy, leaving the heroine of this story with a bosom friend of mine well known in the world of banking and of motor-cars. My first introduction to the parrot was uncommon. I had been invited by my friend to tea in his new house. On my arrival one sunny summer afternoon I found a small crowd of people peering over the garden hedge in the hope of catching a glimpse of the owner of a beautiful voice singing snatches from opera. A lilt from *La Bohème* was followed by a trifle from *Il Trovatore*. I at once jumped to the conclusion that Archie had found some fascinating soul for me, a poor bachelor, to meet. Imagine my surprise on entering the drawing-room to find the only occupants my friend and a green parrot standing outside her cage—now murmuring from *Maritana*. For nearly an hour she went through an amazing repertoire which must be heard to be believed. So impressed was I with her wonderful performance that I begged the loan of the parrot and recently took her to the Pathé Studios in Wardour Street in the hope of persuading her to make a sound-film record. To create the best photographic effect it was necessary to have the bird standing on the top of her cage. But I found that, like others of her sex, she could be extremely stubborn at times. Exactly two hours elapsed before she kindly consented to come out! When she took up a favourable position I could make her do anything—er-*she* wanted to. Presently her good temper returned and a part of her repertoire was recorded in the next ten minutes. Whether something had prompted her to revive old memories, or whether she meant to do her bit at this critical time to encourage folks of all political persuasions to pull together, is a matter best left to those who see the film in the Pathé Pictorial this coming week. In this short reel I have a film interview with the bird, and when I say to her (to give one instance), "So you came to England in 1914, did you? Well, can *you* remember anything about 1914?" she sings, in tune, and ever so clearly and distinctly, "It's a long way to Tipperary, it's a long way to go." I shouldn't be surprised if she rallies heaps of wavering voters. We are accustomed to hearing so-called parrot-cries at election time—let us hope that many may be properly influenced by this super-parrot cry. In any event he will be a dull person who is not amused at and amazed by this remarkable bird, which emphasizes the National spirit at a time when it is most needed.

A. E. Lawton



THE HERO OF THE STORY: The "Tipperary" singing parrot

ROME in NORTH AFRICA:

Tombs in the Lonely Fezzan Desert Pictured especially for "The Sphere" during the First Motor-car Journey to Rhat

A PLACE OF REST: A tomb in Ghirza, Tripolitania, erected twenty centuries ago, served as a resting place for the recent expedition

During the interesting journey to Rhat described on the two following pages, the expedition came across some isolated Roman tombs. Nothing is more striking than the manner in which certain Roman remains can be found in absolutely isolated positions in North Africa. It is possible to come across a well-preserved triumphal archway with no visible signs of any accompanying buildings. This motor-car expedition to Rhat had such an experience at Ghirza. Here, just where the interior desert begins to rise a few hundred feet, were these astonishing Roman tombs. They are, as can be seen from the pictures, rustic in detail—as if carried out by masons far from the headquarters of Roman culture. A large sculptured stone bears a number of effigies in fairly high relief. They are crudely designed, reminding one of the Roman sculptures on the Roman wall in Northumberland. A special feature of one of these tombs consists of the lace-like panels inserted above the archways supporting its upper portion. All the fallen stones are lying in close proximity to the tombs, and it would be possible to make a complete restoration, so untouched have been these relics of Rome's supremacy in North Africa. The party camped in the ruins of Leptis Magna while on their way to Ghirza

LACEWORK IN STONE: Roman mausolea at Ghirza. That on the left has four squares of the most delicate masonry. All the broken pieces are extant, no Arabs having taken them away for building

MUTE ELOQUENCE OF THE PAST: Crude Roman sculptures on a tomb at Ghirza 2,000 years old

ROME OF TWO AGES: Camp in Leptis Magna

Irregulars on the March: A small squad or *goum* return from a sixty-day reconnaissance in the desert south of Tripolitania

Until the trackless desert was conquered by the Italians last year no civilians had ever reached Rhat by car.

Duveyrier, the French explorer, had been there in the 'fifties; Edwin Bary, a German, was poisoned there in 1840; Miss Tinne, a rich Dutch lady, was murdered either there or at Mourzuk in 1865; and Pierre Benoit, the French novelist, describes the Idinen (Antinea's *château*), but has probably never been to see this wonderfully impressive mountain twenty miles north of Rhat.

Doubt had always existed as to whether prehistoric man had ever lived in these regions; so, with the authority of Signor Mussolini and General de Bono, an international expedition comprising members of seven different nations left Tripoli for the south in three cars.

These cars, 10-h.p. Delahaye *camionettes* (small lorries), specially fitted with extra large Dunlop tyres and comfortable arm-chairs for the passengers, had already come from Algiers by road. Care had been taken that each car could comfortably carry 40 gallons of petrol, for it was known that long distances would have to be covered without finding any supplies even from the military.

After an uneventful journey of 120 miles, the old fortress of Beni Ulid was reached at night—the departure from Tripoli having been delayed by the hearty send-off accorded to the pioneers by the vice-governor of Tripolitania.

In spite of the boasts of the guide-books, there is no road, track, or path to Ghirzo by Bir Tala, so we were wise in taking two native guides to show us the way to Ghirza and thence to Bou N'Gem—a journey never before achieved by car. It is doubtful if it ever will be again before a good deal of road-making is done! Several times the members of the expedition had to work like navvies for hours on end to get the cars through.

From Ghirza to Bou N'Gem the country is very difficult to cross; and, when we thought we should be in the vicinity of Bou N'Gem, we asked one of the guides what direction we should pursue. One of them, Mansourah, said the trail due east should be followed; but Ali, another, said due south! As it was 5 p.m., some anxiety was experienced. The track due east was, however, happily followed.

The phenomena of the desert are curious, even to those accustomed to mirage. Shortly after the discussion with the guides, the first car stopped and those in it cheered. When the men in the second car asked the reason for the cheering, they were answered: "Why, look over there down the valley. Can't you see a car coming towards us with clouds of dust behind it? See, on the left, those two camels coming down the hill. We can't be far off our goal."

Half a mile farther all our hopes faded, for all we saw was three very small bushes, no dust, no cars, not even a camel. Bou N'Gem was, however, safely attained, where the next day we unearthed in the Roman camp a new inscription which was deciphered as being a memorial to Marcus Aurelius Imperator.

Our next camp was at Oueddan, one of the most densely populated native villages. Here, recently, an interesting Roman hoard of gold weighing over 7 lb. was unearthed — a treasure now safe in the museum at Tripoli.

"Please tell me why you have the Union Jack stuck on the wind-screen of your car."

These were the words addressed to me by a fair-bearded man wearing a bedraggled uniform of the Italian Army, when the cars had stopped in the yard of the artillery park at Hon, 500 miles south of Tripoli.

"Because I am an Englishman and head of the convoy. But who are you who speak such good English in such an outlandish place?"

"Oh! my parents are English and are domiciled in Italy. My father insisted upon my doing my military service in the Italian Army; and, as I did not care very much for peace-time discipline, I volunteered to come out here and do a bit of fighting if it came my way."

Morning Prayer: A daily scene *en route* wa which is attained

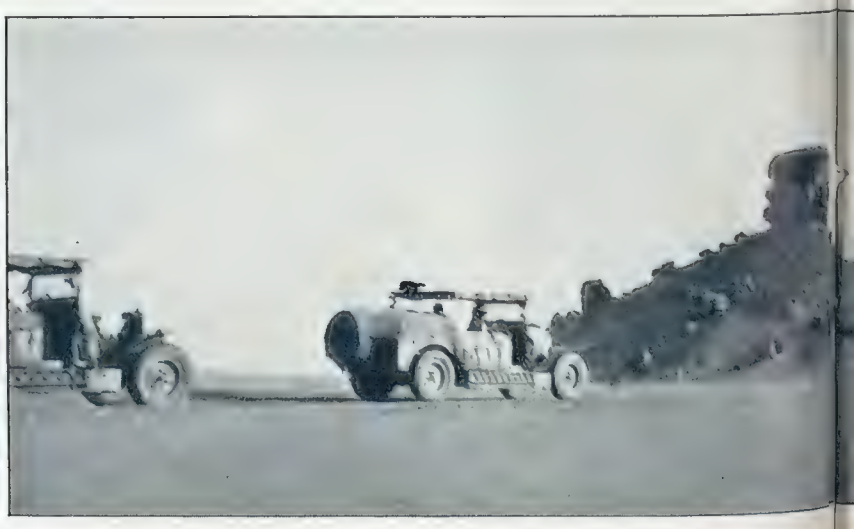
Dominating the Desert: The Idinen—the outcropping of sable rock from the eternal yellow sand—seen from the north

Crossing the famous Djebel Soda with its black stones so similar to the Tademait Plateau in the Hoggar, we reached Ghara, a most picturesque fort rebuilt by the Italians on the remains of a Turkish bastion, itself built from the ruins of a Roman military camp. Water is still pumped from the old Roman well 150 ft. deep.

Shortly after leaving Ghara the track, hitherto macadamized, becomes a multi-coloured passage varying in colour from white through all the intervening tints to brown. Now and again there is even a stretch of mauve. Ten miles farther on the track disappears and the route can be discerned only by following the wheel marks of the lorries which brought supplies to the advancing forces last year. Even these ruts are in many places hidden—covered with new sand.

After camping in the Oueds and at Ubari, we reached El Aouinat. Camp was pitched under the giant acacia tree, known as Duveyrier's tree. This tree is the only one of any size from Tekertiba to Rhat, a distance of 600 miles, but it is of such gigantic dimensions that its age cannot be estimated even within a century. It still has exactly the same form as when it was sketched by the French explorer, Duveyrier, in 1853.

The Goal of the Expedition: Rhat (*or Ghat*), once a Holy City of the Fezzan, seen from the fort now being built. On the left are the relics of the old Turkish fortress



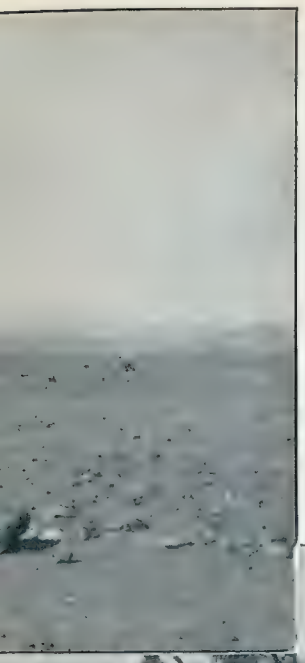
Marking the Frontier: The boundary of the Fezzan. In the foregrou — with which the expedition was equipped. The gigantic Dunlop tyr travel possible are clearly se

Through UNTRODDEN DESERT to RHAT

The Holy City of the Fezzan—reached by a recent motor-car expedition for the first time. Rhat (or Ghat) lies on the French Saharan frontier of Fezzan, the Italian province directed from Tripoli, the Italian military headquarters in Northern Africa

by W. E. JOHNSTON-LAVIS

After El Aouinat, the way is a very inferno for about forty miles until, when one reaches the descent into the Oued Amellene, the going is marvellously good on hard sand for about another forty miles. Thenceforward, approaching and rounding the Idinen, the track leaves much to be desired, even to the walls of Rhat.



his function before departure on the day's travel. The palm trees are untended and, in consequence, they do not present their usual trim and tufted appearance, nly by constant care. The leaves are seen naturally to hang down the entire length of the tree-trunk in a dry and untidy mass

The Idinen, where Pierre Benoit placed the château of Antinea, called by the natives Ksar el Djenoun (the fortified lair of Evil Spirits), is impressive in the highest degree. A huge mass of black rock thrusting out of the surrounding yellow sand to a height of over 2,000 ft., its inaccessible and precipitous sides surmounted every now and again by great chimneys of rock some 100 ft. high, it dominates the landscape. Whether the Idinen be looked at from the north, east, or south, it is as awe-inspiring as any mountain can be.

Only one man is said to have ever trodden the interior amphitheatre, and that is Edwin Bary in 1840. He was only saved by a brave Tuareg, who dared to go to his rescue. He found him so stricken that he had had to cut open a vein and drink his own blood to avoid dying of thirst.

Although Rhat is due south of the Idinen, we had to travel some twenty miles due west of the mountain to avoid tremendous dunes of shifting sand. This delayed us so much that we reached our goal only at night.

The oasis of Rhat is composed of three villages. Rhat, the most important, is least surrounded by palm trees. This was the holy city of the Fezzan and the greatest slave market of the Sahara and the Lybian desert. Though its market place is comparatively small, a very brisk business was carried out until quite recently. On the mud pillars to which the slaves were tied can still be seen the scars where the chains wore away the dried mud.

In time the dignity of Rhat—a holy Muslim city—diminished to the advantage of Fenouet, which is but a mile away and is now the holy city of the Fezzan.

Barkata, the third village, is five miles south, and is

The Slave Market: To these posts the unhappy human merchandise used to be bound, and the scars of the chains are still visible thereon

re two of the Delahaye *camionettes*—small lorries which helped in no small measure to make desert

the granary of the oasis. There cattle and fowls abound though their price is by no means cheap—7 lire were demanded for a bird about the size of a pigeon; eggs weighing just over an ounce were selling at the high price of 2 lire a dozen.

Famine, constant inter-tribal wars, and the departure of the ferocious warriors to fight in Cirenaica have greatly diminished the population of the oasis, with the result that many of the houses are in ruins through lack of

Bilma—and his retinue who, for some reason, had come 700 miles north of his haunts, which are much closer to Lake Tchad. The presentation of a kitchen alarum clock caused immense interest and hilarity—especially when the Bilma was shown how to make it ring. Curiously enough, we never saw him again. Whether or no he feared we might want the clock back again, or whether as a French protégé he feared to be seen on terms of intimacy with an Italian expedition—for there is considerable feeling if not friction between the two zones—we shall never know.

On our second day we had the honour of a visit from the Boubaka Lequi, Kaimakan of the Adjerar Tuareg. He came on his camel holding in his hand a stick 5 ft. long, ornamented with brass sheeting. He was wearing a most gorgeous burnous of scarlet wool edged with a large and elaborately-embroidered band of silver bullion thread. This was a present from the King of Italy. His *m'lheuf* (face veil) and *gandoura* (dress) were of a much darker blue than those generally worn by the Tuareg.

The Boubaka differs greatly from his arch-enemy, the Amenokal of the Hoggar Tuareg, lacking, as he does, the aristocratic dignity and the swelling port of Akhramouk. Nor has he such a fine specimen of *m'hari* (racing camels), probably owing to the fact that he is master of fewer herds of camel than his enemy. His eyes are piercing, cunning, and cruel; yet he smiled profusely when presented with an alarum clock and was shown how to make it ring. He said "*bahi*" (good) when handed two large packets of sugar.

In the afternoon a few days later we had the unwelcome visit of a terrific *guibli* (sandstorm). We saw just after lunch the red column of the sandy clouds bearing down on us from the north-west at a speed that only just gave us time to cover up the cars and hide ourselves in the houses before it arrived in full force, sultry, and stinging like a myriad electric needles. Strange as it may seem, this wind was followed by a heavy rainstorm which lasted about forty minutes, and assuaged for an instant even the thirst of Sahara. As it had not rained for the last seven years in this district the population looked up at us in awe, thinking we had ordered the water to come down from the skies for them.

In spite of the lack of rainfall in the Fezzan at Rhat, the natives successfully cultivate the green orange (a delicious fruit); and were this plant more profusely cultivated it would prove a great commercial advantage to the country, for the fruit travels well. A few were brought back all the way to Europe and, when eaten, were juicy and sweet after 3,000 miles of travelling in the jolting and vibrating cars.

Leaving Rhat we pitched camp a few miles N.E. of the Idinen in the bed of the Oued Amellene and collected a great quantity of flint implements of different periods. These proved that, in spite of the present desolation of the country, in Neolithic times it was densely populated.

Where Stands the Muezzim: One of the minarets of Rhat

WORLD AFFAIRS

A Caustic Causerie on Matters of International Import

By LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

OUTLOOK — DUBIOUS. — Forecast "unsettled" is not confined to weather reports these days, or "visibility bad" to meteorology. It is no less so politically. We are in the mist and fog of the first stages of inflation in Britain. The future is unsettled, and visibility is decidedly bad. Unfortunately there is no trustworthy compass to steer by, no board of infallible instruments to direct our "blind flying." In aviation parlance we are "losing altitude." That is, the pound sterling has been sinking.

To get back to earth—Britain will be on shifting sands economically until the pound is "pegged" at a certain exchange value to the dollar and other stable currencies. A lower pound will stimulate our export, and should go far towards regalvanizing our flagging industries into new life. But it has its shadow side. As England is dependent upon an enormous import of foodstuffs, higher prices are inevitable sooner or later on most things that we do not produce ourselves. Moreover, as long as the pound is the football of international exchange gamblers, we never know exactly where we are. It is, of course, absurd to say, as some of the French do, that we left the gold standard deliberately, wilfully, and with cold calculation. Equally thoughtless is the assertion of some German economists that our action "is a declaration of war against all other industrial countries for the world markets."

We did not leave the solidity and security of the gold standard because we wanted to. We were pushed off it. Now, some of those whose shoulders did some of the hardest pushing are amongst our severest critics. They are annoyed, and that is putting it mildly. They are uneasy, too, over the reaction in their own countries. They had not reckoned that some of the bricks would fall on them and hurt.

I am inclined to be sarcastic when in these days our well-meaning idealists still prate of "international good-will and co-operation." Was it international co-operation that pushed Britain off her gold foundation? In a sense it was, but of a different kind. For years I have listened to the international "talkie" performance in Geneva. We have paid our "club dues" there promptly and regularly. What benefits have accrued to Britain from the "international co-operation" there?

But we have so many among us who would seem rather more anxious to benefit "the world," whatever that term may mean, than to benefit Britain.

In the next months, England will be enveloped in political, financial, and economical fog, with "visibility" poor, if not bad. Through that, the individual British citizen as well as the Government can only push slowly, carefully, gropingly, until fog and clouds give way to sunshine—which they will.

TRANSPORT IN ASIA.—The rites and ceremonies with which the Chinese in July at Mukden celebrated the "launching" of the first motor-truck ever made in China, marked infinitely more than a trade triumph. It was an important step, if relatively small at the time, towards that mechanized East which will be the new world of the next decades. The key to that new world, vast field of untapped resources, unexploited market capable of absorbing output from every one of our stagnated Western industries, is communication. Sun Yat-sen, "Father of the Chinese Republic," declared that to open up China's 4,277,170 sq. miles to the influence of modernization will need 1,000,000 miles of road and 100,000 miles of railway. At the present time China, with her population of nearly 500,000,000, possesses hardly any roads, and, except in the capital, Nanking, and zones of foreign influence, has not unnaturally so far exhibited little interest and less enterprise in mechanized transport. In that, Cathay lags behind most of her Oriental neighbours.

Japan began importing automobiles in 1900, and the latest statistics available number them at about 100,000. Japanese manufacturers, independent of foreign firms such as Ford and General Motors who assemble automobiles in the country, turn out between 400 and 500 machines a year. But Japan possesses 61 per cent. of all roads of any sort on the continent of Asia, although of her 659,215 miles of road only 35,466 are classed as motor-roads.

The total mileage of all kinds of highways in Asia, according to a report of January 1, 1931, is 1,072,408 miles, of which 114,469 are macadam, and 82,442 of earth, gravel. etc., graded and drained. British India ranks second to Japan in road mileage, with 225,280 miles, of which 64,007 are macadamized motor-roads. The Netherland East Indies come third with a total of 36,175 miles, including 25,050 miles of macadam. French Indo-China has 20,318 miles, of which nearly half are modern macadamized highways. The roads in Ceylon are said to be the best in the East.

DEVOTEES AT A MONGOL FAIR: A crowd of Mongols at the fair at Hulonbel whither, on the request of the Chinese National Government, Pachan Lama—"a living Buddha"—had also gone. The crowd is here seen waiting to pay its homage

IN THE UNIFORM OF A DEAD DYNASTY: A native Mongol official at the Hulonbel fair in the official gown and "limpet-shell" headgear of the Tsing Dynasty. It was to this fair that Pachan Lama, one of the "living Buddhas"—holy men into whom the Spirit of Gautama has entered—went on behalf of the National Government of China

THE ADVANCE OF THE CAR.—The Middle East is already on wheels. That is a direct result of the War, which introduced and overran those countries from Egypt to East Persia with army lorries and light cars suitable for replacing camel and donkey transport in the deserts. Roads were constructed to accommodate the new traffic. Recent years have seen an amazing impetus in motor transport; services which, from personal experience, I remember as running uncertainly and often with difficulty, dependent upon the seasons, have now been organized to regularity.

Ibn Saoud, progressive and enterprising King of the Hedjaz, ruler of the greater part of the Bedouin nation, owns a large fleet of cars, not to mention his smaller collection of aeroplanes run by British pilots. King Ibn Saoud travels constantly between the principal points of his kingdom, invariably with an imposing mechanized caravan sometimes composed of as many as sixty cars.

Cars are being used by Bedouins, who have certain contact with modernization, to scout the desert in advance and spot water supplies for the tribe's herds. In many parts of the desert there are large areas without regular wells or oases, but where, after the rains, shallow pools of water form. Formerly camel-riders preceded the caravan to ascertain whether the rain-pools were full or dry—a slow process. Now a cheap car can inspect, and report on to headquarters in one day, a tract which it would have taken a camel-rider many days to cover.

It is by means of excellent roads and motor transport penetrating and opening up the Sahara that the French, with spectacular speed and efficiency, are developing the resources of their North African Empire. I have driven many hundreds of miles on their roads in Algeria, the M'zab, and Morocco, to the very foot of the Atlas Mountains on roads surpassing many so-called motor-roads in Europe. Amongst the natives themselves are very many owner-drivers, and any omnibus service is invariably overcrowded.

Even the Red Indians are deserting their famous horses for cars. To an enterprising Canadian motor-salesman belongs the honour of having revived the ancient practice of horse-dealing with Indians—with a difference. He took horses in exchange for second-hand cars, and, to the intense satisfaction of the Stony Indians of the Morley Reserve in High River, for eighty horses supplied the tribe with a fleet of forty cars, with which they scour the plains and foothills of Alberta.

"OF MAKING MANY BOOKS. . . ."—Every time I go to Paris these days, I realize more vividly what depression and economic anxiety have done to the art and luxury trades. In times of stress, people quickly find out that they can get along quite well without new pictures, sculpture, and jewellery, for instance. Good music can hardly be classed as a luxury and, in any case, is accessible to everyone through popular concerts, orchestras, and wireless. The art and antique business is stagnant; the jewellery and luxury-dress trades on the verge of bankruptcy. Here in Geneva, home of clock and watch manufacture, windows and show-cases are full of costly jewelled or enamelled time-pieces priced from anything up to £400, and the salesmen admit that they have not a hope of selling them until the "good old times" return.

It is reassuring to learn that "the ill-wind of financial stringency has had a stimulating effect on reading, as can be proved from the statistics of public libraries," according to a report on the trade in literature. Last year was the most prolific year in the history of British publishing. A total of 15,393 books was issued, compared with 14,486 the year before.

The Bible is still the world's best-seller. Approximately 48,000,000 copies were sold in 1930, which was 8,000,000 more than the preceding year, and 13,000,000 more than in 1928. There are at least 160 Bibles bought as presents for every 100 copies of Shakespeare, or other gift books, Selfridge's reported last Christmas shopping time, when they claimed to be selling more than one thousand Bibles a day.

The sale of Bibles is gradually and steadily dropping off in the United States, says Mr. G. F. Cumberlege, head of the Oxford Press of America. In proportion to its literate population, Palestine holds the record in the number of books it publishes and the newspapers and periodicals regularly issued, reports the Department of Education.

An open-air book market, pioneered in Paris this summer, was so successful that it is to become an annual event.

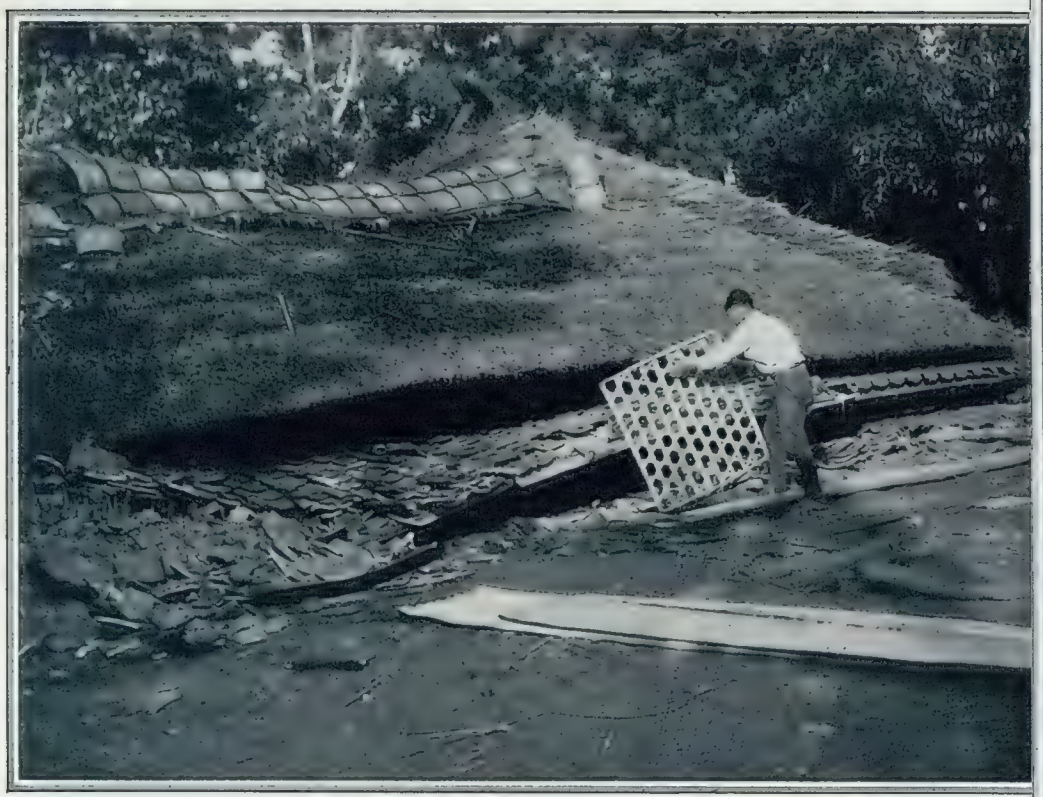
EDUCATIONAL DEFEATISM.—Knowing Germany as I do, especially the present phase of feverish scientific research, self-improvement amongst the younger generation, and tenacious determination to win back their long longed-for place in the sun, it is surprising to learn that the educational authority, Professor Gerhard Schoenfelder, claims that the intellectual standard of living of the German people, reckoned in terms of the amount spent upon it, is 23 per cent. lower this year than in 1923. The inflation has destroyed practically all the scholarship funds, and, the Professor claims, nowhere in Germany does an adequate scientific library exist. Until quite recently, the cheap edition in Germany was limited to the "Reclam" classics, which are obtainable from slot-machines on all the railway stations. But in order to meet the new and insistent demand for cheap and educating literature, several firms have been experimenting most successfully with half-crown editions.

"When money is scarce for the theatres or talkies, then the joys of an armchair and a book are discovered"—"provided it is the right kind of book," retorts Dr. Lawrence Pearsall Jacks, Principal of Manchester College, Oxford. He charges modern writers with "moral defeatism," saying that this had been the greatest contributing force towards the spread of scepticism and pessimism. The Professor claims that the world moral crisis has been exaggerated and distorted by sensational novelists and sensation-mongers of all kinds.

Sensational literature, even as lurid films, provides just one channel of escape from the drab grind of most people's lives these darkening days. But if librarians and statisticians all the world over are to be believed, this vicarious excitement is amply counter-balanced by the increased demand for, and consumption of, serious, educating literature.

The SURVEY of the SPHERE

Foreign News Events Told in Pictures

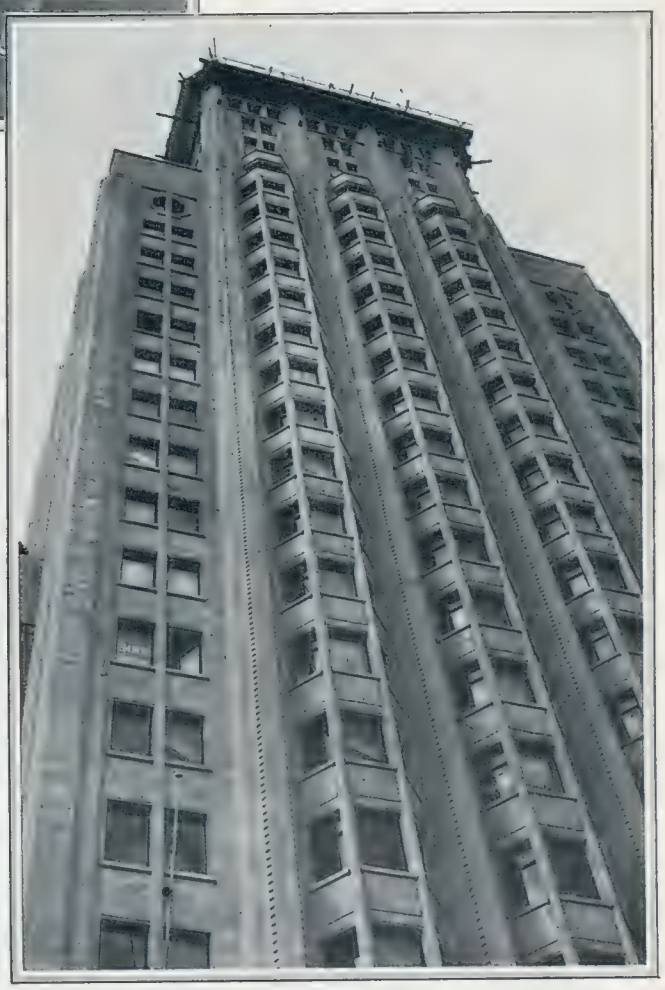


AFTERMATH OF AN EARTHQUAKE: A straw-thatched house in Fukiage village, Saitama Prefecture, in ruins after the earthquake in Kwanto, Fukien, China—the most severe shock recorded within recent years—which did great damage last month. The prefectures of Saitama, Gunma, and Ibaraki suffered the greatest loss. The tale of casualties included fourteen persons killed, over one hundred injured, and 700 houses destroyed. China has for the past four or five years been spared nothing—war, civil war, disastrous floods, and now an earthquake

A FLAME THAT BURNED FOR TWENTY-EIGHT MONTHS: A remarkable picture from the Moreni Oil Fields, Prahova Valley, Rumania, where well R.A. 100, which caught fire in May 1929, has only just been extinguished. Money and lives were spent freely in attempts to put out the blaze, which was started by drilling accidentally a stratum of gas. The blaze was seen seventy miles away

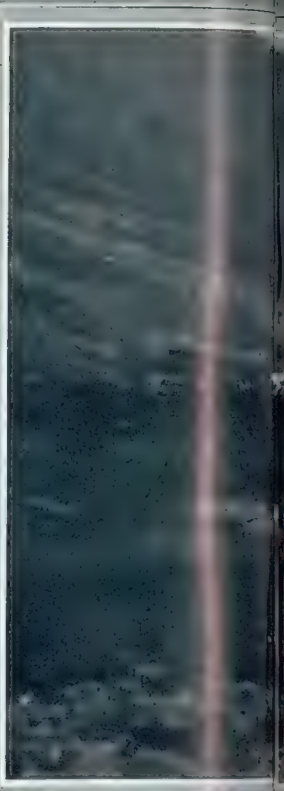
THE NEW KASR-EL-NIL BRIDGE: A sketch of the modern structure now under construction in Cairo to replace the old bridge. This new bridge was begun early this year by Dorman, Long and Co., Ltd., and will, it is anticipated, be open for traffic at the end of 1932. It will absorb 3,000 tons of steel. Its design is a bridge of seven fixed spans and one swing span, giving a total length of 1,250 ft. between abutments. The swing span revolves on the second water-support from the right—the main framework being cut midway between that support and those on each side. The span swings on the pivot of the second support, one quarter-turn clockwise to admit the passage of large ships

TO GRACE THE NEW BRIDGE: The bronze lions of the old Kasr-el-Nil Bridge, well known to all visitors to Cairo, are to be replaced when the new structure (seen above) is complete. These gigantic monuments are seen fronting a small saloon car which gives a standard by which their great size may be appreciated. They will be imposing even at the entrance of the new bridge



THE OLD WORLD FOLLOWS THE ARCHITECTURAL LEAD OF THE NEW: A striking upward view of Europe's first sky-scraper, erected at Antwerp. It is a block of offices and flats, and is the highest building of its kind, being 286 ft. high. It is "set-back" in design above the twenty-third storey. The twenty-seventh floor is here seen being added

A SECOND MASSACRE of GLENCOE:



FIRST PICTURES OF THE NEW GLENCOE ROAD: A joint view. On the left looking towards Rannoch and on the right towards the Ballachulish end of the glen. A wide, grey road, beautifully level and mechanically perfect, stretches through this portion of the glen. It is already open for traffic. Portions of the old road wind their way at a lower level. It was stated three years ago that the width of the road would not exceed 18 ft.

The Pass of Glencoe has been famous for many a long day for its romantic beauty and rugged grandeur. It was penetrated by an old-fashioned road which swung through the glen in a natural way, taking the obvious curves which the foothills necessitated. These aspects of the Glen, famous in history for the massacre of members of the Clan Macdonald in 1692, were threatened some five years ago when the big road scheme through the Western Highlands was first adumbrated. Keen disapproval of the scheme was expressed when the more detailed aspects of the proposal became known, but three years ago the Ministry of Transport was in a position to place the contracts and begin the work on the section already referred to. It is now possible to judge what the results of this new road will be from the point of view of those who had a special appreciation of the Glen in its former condition. In the old days one climbed up carefully from Kingshouse on Rannoch Moor towards the entrance of the Glen guarded by the beautiful cone of Buchaille Etive. One had to do some still more careful driving in taking the various turns and twists over the mass of rock known as the Study which guarded, as it were, the entrance to the Glen. One still has to do this for the specially engineered section of the road which cuts its way through the gorge below the Study is not yet complete. But once over the Study one gets on a broad, grey highway along which one can bowl at a merry pace. This road is beautifully level compared with the old adventurous roadway, and it is sincerely to be hoped that it will eventually prove useful in stimulating possible new industries in the North which was a reason put forward officially when the highway was first

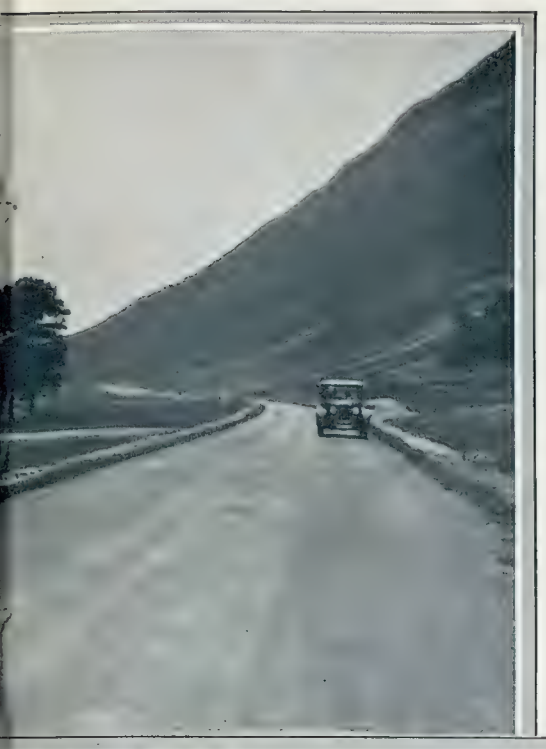
(Continued below on right)

A BIG STONE ESCARPMENT is a striking engineering feature of the new Glencoe road, where it cuts through the portion known as the Study (a Scottish word meaning an anvil)

THE NEW STONE BRIDGE and adjacent works at the point where the new Glencoe road swings off to the left-hand bank of the stream

THE NEW GLENCOE ROAD is taken by a new stone bridge through part of the gorge at the Study. This bridge is in close proximity to the long escarpment shown in the adjacent view

First Pictures of the New West Highland Highway and the Price in Coin of Beauty which has been Paid for it



For the past eighteen months work has been proceeding on the new Glencoe Road which forms part of what has been described as "the most ambitious road scheme ever contemplated in these Islands"; it was to build a road through Glencoe to Fort William and Inverness. The expenditure of two million pounds had been contemplated by the first Labour Government but owing to its collapse the full scheme was not authorized. Work has, however, proceeded on the Tyndrum—Kingshouse section of the scheme and more recently on the still more northerly section between Kingshouse and the western entrance to Glencoe. The scheme for building the new road through Glencoe met with very keen opposition but various concessions were made to render the road less obtrusive. What the actual road looks like, as far as it is at present completed, is here shown for the first time

BEFORE THE NEW ROAD CAME: A scene at the Rannoch entrance of the Glen with the tapering cone of Buchailli Etive rising above the swelling foothills

THE OLD GLEN AS WE ONCE KNEW IT: The River Coe is boiling along its stony bed on its way to Ballachulish. Now a bright little bridge breaks the view on the right. The new road swings away to the right keeping on the southern side of the stream. The old road can just be seen on the left

propounded. From the point of view of the lover of Scottish scenery many will feel that the new road completely alters the Glen, producing a consciousness that one is on a carefully-planned roadway. To these, the old sense of being alone with Nature, which the old road did not disturb, has gone. The engineers are achieving their end but a price is being paid for it, as only those who knew the Glen in its previous wild days can fully appreciate.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF GLENCOE AT THE THREE SISTERS: This view was taken a few days ago at a point on the old road above the Study. At several points the glen is still cluttered with hutments, boilers, and cranes

THE MEMORIAL TO THE FIRST GLENCOE MASSACRE: This beautiful, slender, Celtic cross rises on a knoll above the Coe

FROM *the* SOUTH SEAS

A Quartette of Pictures Taken by the Distinguished Anthropologist, Captain S. L. F. Pitt-Rivers

DRESSED IN THEIR BEST: A Motuan in the imposing headdress of his tribe, and his wife in the "shredded wheat" skirt characteristic of the South Sea Islands. "Dressed in their best" means rather undressed!

GREETING: The "smell kiss" of ceremonial, practised between Papuan tribesmen, is here seen extended to the leader of the police escort of Captain Pitt-Rivers, the distinguished anthropologist of Papua

PRELUDE TO CEREMONY: Men are painted for great occasions: women tattooed

Captain S. L. F. Pitt-Rivers, the well-known anthropologist has spent much time among the islands of Papua. His book, *The Clash of Culture*, has for long been a classic among anthropologists, while his new book, *Weeds in the Garden of Marriage*, which was published on October 8, throws further light on racial problems. Among the most interesting customs of the Papuan group is that of tattooing. All young girls of the Roro tribe must before marriage have their faces tattooed with a pattern which represents the indentations of the beak of a hornbill. The hornbill is a common theme of decoration all over New Guinea. The men are never tattooed, although they paint their faces on important occasions. Married status is indicated among Motuan women by a V-shaped tattoo mark (gado).

A MEKOO PERAMBULATOR: The curious fashion—reminiscent jointly of Red Indians and Kaffirs—in which members of the Mekoo tribe carry their babies. A fishing race, they utilise their nets to the full!

AN ELIZABETHAN GALLEON IN FULL SAIL

From the original etching and aquatint by Terence H. Lambert, *recently exhibited at the Society of Graphic Art Exhibition*

OFF CAPE HORN

A Description of One of the Roughest Passages in the World by One who has Rounded the Horn Fifteen Times

By CAPTAIN RICHARD CRAVEN

During the 'eighties beating your way around the Horn you may have sighted ten or even twenty sailing vessels, some running with a fine fair wind homeward bound, several others like yourself beating up against the strong westerly gales and seas trying to double the Horn outward-bound. But those sights are a thing of the past, for homeward-bound from New Zealand to London to-day, to sight a sailing ship off Cape Horn would bring all hands on deck to see the curiosity.

Sailing vessels were in their heyday during the 'seventies, 'eighties, and even into the 'nineties. Regular lines of fine full-rigged ships sailed from Liverpool and Glasgow bound to San Francisco or Oregon and the more northern ports of Western America. The smaller vessels, such as barques, etc., confined their trading to the southern ports of the South American continent, such as Valparaiso, Talcahuano, Iquique, Callao, etc. in almost every case deeply laden with raw building materials—iron rails, bricks, cement, girders, and steel plates, a merciless collection—for they lay heavy and dull in the holds of the little craft as they struggled against the gales and seas to be met with off Cape Horn and, in many cases, caused serious straining to the hull.

Several lines of "Packet Ships," composed of large heavily-masted full-rigged ships, traded from Boston and New York bound to 'Frisco, usually manned with a scratch crew of sailors and tailors whose sole intention was to "jump" the ship as soon as she anchored in 'Frisco Bay—then to try their luck on the Sacramento goldfields. To fulfil hopes and dreams, provided they escaped the clutches of the notorious boarding-house keepers. "Shanghaeing" was in its heyday in the 'seventies and 'eighties, and it was no uncommon thing for an inward-bound ship to anchor in 'Frisco Bay one day, and the next day would find many of the crew awaking with a fearfully sore head and loss of memory, to find they were already on the briny again, "shanghaed," bound back again to Boston or New York in a hard-case "New-Brunswicker."

Thus romance was often murdered in those good old days.

Cape Horn lies in lat. 56 deg. south and 67 deg. long. west of Greenwich, and forms the southernmost point of Horn island, one of the Hermite group. The distance from Dover to Cape Horn is about 7,360 miles as the crow flies—and the track that would be made by a steamer of to-day—but a sailing ship would cover considerably more mileage. A plaything of wind and weather, she would have to tack to and fro against head winds that occur with regularity during the trip.

From a distance there is nothing very striking about Cape Horn, but on a nearer approach it shows up prominently with its distinct horn shape, the high blackish cliffs rising to a height of 1,391 feet above sea level.

When viewed from the south-west a distance of five miles, the western side appears as a gradual slope, whilst the eastern side appears precipitous and covered with a number of jagged, rocky heads like saw teeth.

The Cape is "clean-to," in other words there are no off-lying dangers within a reasonable distance of the shore, and vessels frequently passed the Cape but two miles distant.

The soil of Horn Island is composed of hard peat and some granite patches.

Although the land looks barren and inhospitable from seawards the vegetation is quite luxurious considering the bleak climatic condition, and giant oak trees, often measuring 20 in. in diameter, are to be found in spite of the fact that down south they are not favoured with a warm gulf stream such as we have up north.

Cape Horn lies just within the outer edge of prevailing westerly winds, for there is a distinct belt of "westerlies" (as they are called) similar to the familiar belt of "westerlies" we know so well in the North Atlantic Ocean.

Witness the frequent rough, west-bound passages made from England to America in large steamers of to-day, as they thrash their way across against heavy westerly gales and seas, and vice versa, how frequent are the fine weather passages one experiences, returning home from New York to England, "running-before-the-wind."

It makes all the difference in the world, thrashing your way against a gale, or running before it, with a fair sheet and flowing main.

In the first case, probably compelled to remain below decks, sighing for a breath of fresh air, and out of sorts, whilst in the same ship and same gale or strong breeze if "running-before-the-wind" you will most likely be pacing the deck to and fro "building castles," or tucked away comfortably in a cosy deck chair on the promenade deck feeling "'tis good to be alive"—"sailors ought to work for nothing on a day like this."

The foregoing applies equally as well to the early days of the sailing ship era, and illustrates the enormous difference between the "outward bounder" and the "homeward bounder"—one a continual struggler, the other ease and comfort.

Off Cape Horn the sailing vessel, whether large or small, ever a plaything of winds and weather, was buffeted about like a cork for weeks on end as outward bound, deeply laden, she strove gallantly to beat her way westward against the relentless westerly gales.

Constant shifting of the wind, setting up a dangerous cross-sea that often threatened to engulf the little ship as sea after sea pounded her deck and sides—so she dived, lurched, rolled, and wallowed in turn in her endeavour to shake off the effects—and escape.

Acting more like a thing alive.

Naturally members of the crew were often caught up in the wallowing seas, as they trimmed sail or yards, washed about here or there, wet through, notwithstanding long rubber boots, oilskins, and "soul-and-body" lashings.

"Four hours on" and "four hours off," the latter minus many an hour to the tune of "All-hands-shorten-sail," increased the hardships.

Piped down below after "snugging-her-down" our Cape Horner would strip off his wet clothes; after paying some attention to the painful salt-water pimples around his wrists, he incidentally aired his frank opinions of the sea and all connected with it.

"By Gad! I've had enough of this game; I'll hop it the minute she drops anchor in 'Frisco Bay and go in for chickin farming." It was wonderful the large number of these old-time seamen who dreamt of chicken farms as their Eldorado.

Probably aroused from his reveries by a cry of "Land-oh," and he would rush half dressed, or less, to the deck, and on peering through the lifting mist and gloom there loomed Cape Horn, defiant and almost sardonic, just as he had seen it some days previously, and, after all the pulling and hauling, the ship had only made a few miles to the good, westward.

Scanning the horizon with trained eye, he would probably spot the same little West Coast barque still struggling along, still further on some full-rigged ship that had been in company—struggling for days.

Close alongside a "homeward bounder" passes, all sails set, even to her royals, doing her thirteen knots, and the crew working around the dry decks as though she were in the tropics.

Another argument that made the outward passage difficult was the adverse current setting against the ship, for the cold Antartic stream splits south-west of Cape Horn, one branch passing up the western coast of Patagonia, and the other sweeping past Cape Horn eastwards towards the Falkland Islands.

(Continued on a later page)

BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CAR TYRE
MANUFACTURERS
TO H.M. THE KING
REINFORCED
IN A CLASS BY ITSELF
C.F.H.1002

LINDBERGH **on** *and* **over** CHINA

DEVASTATED BY THE HAND OF NATURE: A town on the Grand Canal, Kiangsu, flooded out by the torrential inundations that have contributed so seriously to the distress the whole country has been enduring during the past few years

THE AGE OF NOAH RETURNS IN CHINA: A bird's-eye view of the Grand Canal which runs through Kiangsu Province. This picture, and that above, were both taken by Colonel Lindbergh flying over Hankow, the capital of Hupeh Province. *Inset* is a glimpse of Colonel Lindbergh landing on the Grand Canal

China in the past five years has undergone the most devastating era of misfortune any country could have endured. Torn with a succession of non-national, internecine eruptions, waged for the benefit of the several leaders; the victim of the subversive propaganda of Russia and the military aggression of Japan; devastated by earthquakes and famine, pestilence and war, she has now been overwhelmed by the most terrible floods in her history. Thousands of square miles of land lie under water; thousands have lost their possessions; thousands more their lives. These pictures, taken by Colonel Lindbergh on his recent visit, give a general idea of the ghastly conditions that even now obtain.

MUKDEN UP-TO-DATE

Special Pictures Revealing the Astonishingly Modern Aspect of the Main Streets of Manchuria's Capital

SPOILS OF A SKIRMISH: Arms captured by the Japanese troops in the local battles which have duplicated the successes that staggered the world in the Russian War of 1904. China, for all her millions and her untapped resources, is absolutely incapable of coping with the brilliant efficiency, the high organization, and the military swiftness and strategy of Japan. The threat of President Chiang Kai-shek to lead an army against the invader is an empty one

ON GUARD: A Japanese tank and soldiers on guard at a street corner of Mukden

The position of Sino-Japanese affairs in Manchuria is fraught with anxiety. The authority of the League of Nations is, at one blow, challenged in no uncertain manner. It was thought advisable to invoke the assistance of a non-League member — the U.S.A.—to sit at the table of arbitrament; this suggestion Japan, well knowing the long-standing U.S. anti-Japanese prejudice, vetoed, but was over-ruled. There seems no doubt but that Japan's aggression, stimulated as it was by Chinese

CONTROLLED BY ALIEN HANDS: the war-lord and son of the late war-lord, an ardent pioneer of aircraft in Chinese Manchuria," as Chang Hsueh-liang is kn all-conquering

MAIN STREET, MUKDEN: The surprisingly modern aspect of the Manchurian capital now invested and controlled by Japanese troops. This picture shows, as do only few as yet seen in Britain, the up-to-dateness of the city—the two buildings in the foreground attesting the great developments made in the past few years. Tramways also are a comparative innovation in Mukden. The greatest impulse to modernity in all Asia is unquestionably Japan

The aeroplanes of Chang Hsueh-liang, ord, Chang Tso-lin, of Manchuria, who was ne territory. The machines of "L'Aiglon of nown, have been captured by the hitherto ing Japanese troops

THE WELCOME TO THE GARRISON: Japanese civilians crowd to cheer the arrival of the troops

excesses, was *ultra vires* in a member of the League; and it seems equally clear that the Empire of the Rising Sun will not willingly abandon the strong position it has assumed. It is possible that a serious war may break out, for in addition to the threat from the East, Russia is menacing from the West. It has been authoritatively stated that, in the event of Japan's refusal to accept the ruling of Geneva, the aid of the British Fleet may be invoked.

STOPPING *the* DEFICIT

Versailles, 1789

How Necker Attempted to Balance France's Budget in the Days Before the Revolution

Told for "The Sphere" by

F. W. RYAN

When Necker, Director-General of Finances, advised the King on St. Stephen's Day, 1788, to convene the States-General at Versailles in the May of the New Year, his primary concern was that he might find the means of balancing his budget.

The Minister was already an old hand at the Treasury, to which he had been appointed twelve years before, in 1776, by the young King Louis XVI to bring order and stability into the finances of the Kingdom burdened with the debts handed down by the reckless expenditure of the Grand Monarch and of Louis the Beloved. As a prosperous banker—senior partner in the firm of Thelusson and Necker of Paris and London which he had founded—with a merited reputation for integrity and ability, Necker stood high in the financial world, and was able to raise the loans required to keep the State going and to fund something of the public debt.

M. NECKER, 1732–1804

In 1788, the situation, viewed by the King from Versailles, had become critical. Social unrest and political ferment were spreading through the people. The harvest had been destroyed by drought, and a famine was imminent. Dauphine and other provinces were in actual rebellion. Little relief could be given, for the Treasury was empty and public credit had fallen. No more loans could be raised to pay off the public debt. It now reached 1,640,000,000 *livres*. Most of the subscribers were Frenchmen, and if the interest on it was not paid they would be ruined. Public finance was not yet international; foreign countries would probably not help, least of all England, very prosperous but angry with France for her recent aid in "men, money, and ships" to the American Colonies in their War of Independence.

So the King recalled Necker to office. The Court party saw with dismay the necessity for his return and the consequent lessening of the King's authority. Even the Queen, who was now derisively called "*Madame Déficit*" by her enemies, saw it, and wrote to the Count de Mercy in August, 1788: "We can no longer hesitate. If he can get to work to-morrow, all the better. It is most urgent. I feel that we may be compelled to nominate him a first minister."

So the States-General, a body representative of the nobility, clergy, and Commons of France met on March 1, 1789. Its legal powers were vague and indeterminate, because it had not met since the year 1613, when it had only "presented humble petitions and the representatives of the Commons had gone on bended knee, praying their monarch that they might be taxed with compassion."

But since then France had shared the common experience of most Western States. The people were thinking of a better form of government than that under which they were ruled. Louis XVI was still an absolute monarch with all the limitations and uncertainties of his position. He could make and unmake ministers at will. He could decide what new laws were to run, what old laws were to be repealed. But it was never certain that he would use the best ones for his country or, if he did, that the vested interests might not make him change his decisions, for he really was a pivot about which the parties in power revolved as they gained or lost power.

It was known that to Necker the idea of democratic control was desirable. He still stood well with the people; he had advanced their interests in many ways at the Controle Générale. He was in no sense a parasite of the old régime. He had taken no salary for his long services when in the administration. He had declared himself in his writings an admirer of the British Constitution.

The king opened the séance of the States-General on May 5 in person, and referred to his joy at being among his people, to the long time since the summoning of a States-General, and to the general unrest, an exaggerated desire for innovation which had seized the minds of everyone and might end completely by leading public opinion astray if not checked by wise and moderate counsels. He announced, through his *Garde des Sceaux*, Barentin, reforms in the law by which costs were reduced and the harshness of certain punishments mitigated, and called the Director of Finances to explain the exact financial position.

Necker, after Barentin, had spoken, read a written statement in which he gave, in immense detail, a plan of financial reform. The statement was very long, it lasted three hours, and he could not finish it, and handed the document to the secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society to complete the reading to an already wearied audience, many of whom could not follow his elaborate calculations and close reasonings.

Tables of figures were circulated with it, as short and instructive as the address was long.

From the tables it was seen that the normal services of the kingdom cost, in a year, 531,000,000 *livres*, and that the normal revenue from taxation in the year would only amount to 475,000,000 *livres*. There was, therefore, a deficit of 56,000,000 *livres*. The people at large, he said, were unable to bear much further taxation at the moment, so a loan would be immediately necessary "to stop the deficit" as the phrase of the day put it, or else the State would be insolvent. If the present standard of expenditure went on and the revenues were not somehow increased, this deficit would recur next year with the interest of the new loan added to it.

Severe "cuts" would, therefore, have to be made on the spending side. The King, Necker stated, had ordered economies to take place under sixteen heads, and certain reductions of a spectacular kind were announced in the households of "Monsieur" and of the Comte d'Artois, who surrendered some 500,000 *livres* each; in certain grants to the clergy, and in grants to social and educational institutes. The King would, on certain conditions, remit 80,000,000 *livres* of the arrears of the *taille* in view of the poverty of the people.

But Necker was too great a financier not to have more solid proposals to put before the States-General. He made a direct attack on the foundations of the old régime in his allusions to the *ferme générale* by which a large portion of the taxes were raised. This was a system by which the King sold for a certain sum, or on commission, the taxes which he had imposed, leaving the purchaser to collect them and make a profit thereby. It was obviously open to abuses and was complained of bitterly in the *cahiers* of the deputies of the *Tiers Etat*. By it 163,837,000 *livres* came into the Treasury, but many millions went into the pockets of the *fermiers généraux* and were lost to the State. Necker promised a revision of the terms when such contracts expired, and hoped to gain 24,000,000 *livres* thereby.

The *corvée* still remained in Brittany—"that service," as Necker described it, "which has caused so many tears"—though the King had abolished it in the royal domains, paying people for work done, for the labourer was always worthy of his hire. Could it not be commuted into a payment? Men would gladly pay something to escape being torn from their own work to advance, without remuneration, the wealth of other persons! The *cahiers* of the Deputies had asked for its removal, as likewise that of the *taille*.

Very cleverly, Necker made a great feature of the actual exemption from taxation, in whole or in part, enjoyed by the many persons and institutions, cities and whole provinces in France, and this exemption was in many cases to go, its abolition bringing both revenue and equality. He thus led up to the announcement that the "two orders of the nobility and clergy had already made known in many quarters their desire for justice and equity in this respect, and that they had accordingly under consideration the voluntary renunciation of their pecuniary privileges."

In these, and in other large matters such as the conditions of compulsory military service, in the encouragement of commerce, in the reduction of pensions, Necker suggested alterations in taxation by which harmony might be established permanently between the "Fixed Expenses and the Fixed Revenues of the Kingdom."

Necker's plan would not work. It proposed raising, for the moment, revenue under the old system of taxation, and as such it did not satisfy the deputies of the *Tiers Etat*. Apart from its length, many of the deputies were unable to follow the reasonings of the Minister in his very technical treatment of the subject and so, for them, it had no constructive value. Also, if they followed him it would take time to derive benefits from it. But Necker, though he was a man of great vision and saw that long-standing evils could not quickly be removed, "had nothing of that dazzling personality which can fascinate and lead great masses of excited men," and "French public opinion was like a ship driven by a furious gale with no hand at the helm."

The affairs of the States-General did not run smoothly. The nobility and clergy refused to sit and legislate in the same assembly with the Commons, and the opening scenes of the French Revolution were enacted. The King was forced to dismiss Necker on July 11 and to ask him to return, after the fall of the Bastille, with the new title of "First Minister of the Finances."

It was August. Necker obtained a serious hearing from the deputies concerning his deficit. The States-General, in its opinion, had turned itself into a National Assembly, and was by then a sovereign body. They were busy with a "Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen," and the formation of a "Constitution," and were actually looking to the Minister to find ways and means for all their new schemes—a million for a National Guard and six millions for the maintenance of the deputies themselves—as well as provision for the old Departments of State which they retained.

So, on the 7th of the month Necker asked authority of the Assembly to issue to the public a loan of 30,000,000 *livres* at 5 per cent. interest. It was to be guaranteed by the Assembly and repayable after a number of years by a sinking fund, whenever the subscriber demanded. As the Minister considered "it possible that with the results of their labours the general affairs of the Kingdom would reach a great degree of prosperity" he proposed that the refund of the loan should take place only with the consent of the subscribers and otherwise remain a perpetual charge.

The *Annual Register* for 1790 gave an account to their English readers of what happened: "Instead of adopting the scheme formed by the financial minister whose abilities and integrity they had so often extolled in a degree which approached the hyperbole, they now declared their total want of confidence in him by altering his plan, and narrowing the terms which he proposed as an inducement to the lenders for subscribing to the loan. The consequence was natural; the moneyed men would not part with their cash and nobody subscribed."

This was true, as Necker complained at the end of the month to the Assembly. He had feared, he said, for the success of the loan when they had destroyed the little encouragements of detail which he had put into it and, in particular, when they had altered his proposed interest from 5 to 4½ per cent.

Though the loan was not taken up, there were many Frenchmen ready to come to the aid of their country with patriotic gifts, and the beginnings of this spontaneous movement were evidenced in a little ceremony reported in the *Moniteur* of September 7, when "six citizens, the wives and daughters of artists of Paris, presented their gold and jewellery in homage to the Assembly towards the payment of the National Debt and declared, through their spokesman, that 'nothing was more sacred than the debts of the State, but also that the people should not be taxed too heavily.'"

Necker saw the possibilities of this movement, and as a desperate expedient to avert the financial failure of the revolution he presented to the Assembly a proposal by which every good citizen should give one quarter of his income to the State.

The proposal was carried with the help of Mirabeau, whose eloquence alone made it possible.

A further public loan, the last which Necker was to issue, was launched on September 23rd. It was for 80,000,000 *livres*, at 6 per cent. repayable in ten years, one-tenth of it each year to be refunded. It was also to fail, and from this time the Committee of Finances already formed by the Assembly, largely took upon itself the direction of the finances of the country, retaining Necker in office as their servant.

The beggar design printed on *assignats*—a design taken from a notable aquatint

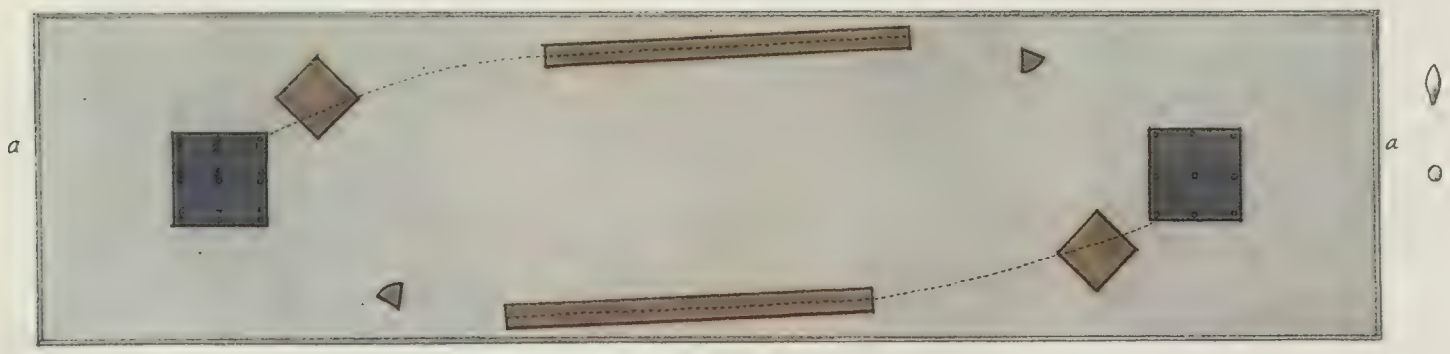
During this period he practically limited his intercourse with the Assembly to routine reports each month upon the state of the finances, which they received coldly, and with statements and warnings which stirred the deputies uneasily. Notable was his financial statement of March 1st in which he showed the deficit had reached 300,000,000 *livres*, and that, amongst other things, the "Dons Patriotiques" had brought in some 20,000,000 *livres*. The cost of the National Guard had run to 4,000,000 *livres*.

In May 1790, the National Assembly issued paper money to the amount of 400,000,000 *livres*, the famous *assignats* which were to add to the financial chaos. The security was the property of the Church which they had declared "at the disposition of the State" in the previous month of November. Necker warned them against the dangers of this issue, to no purpose.

In September, 1790, Necker was warned that his life was in danger by attack from his enemies who saw in him a friend of the King, and feeling that he would be of no further use to France, he fled with his wife and daughter, Madame de Stael, to his villa at Coppet, near Geneva. He lived there until 1804.

A View of a SKITTLE GROUND

Published as the Act directs by G. Kearsley in Fleet Street. London. July 14th 1786.



Plan of a double Skittle Ground

Life is, unfortunately, not all GUINNESS and SKITTLES

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ANIMAL STUDIES

From "Sphere" Readers

Will R. Rose

A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP: A fawn and a French bulldog are two of the firmest friends in Lausanne. An association such as this recalls the "happy families" that were common at country fairs before the War—three or four apparently ill-assorted animals sharing a cage in perfect amity

Lado Stergar

BEAR SHOT IN THE KAMNIK ALPS: A fine full-grown bear was shot on October 4 in the woods near Kamnik, not far from Ljubljana, in Alpine Jugoslavia. Bears are still to be found in the great forests farther south, but in the north-western Alpine corner of Jugoslavia they have been practically extinct for generations. Only three bears have been seen—and shot—there during the last hundred years. The bear measured 9 ft. long and weighed over 4 cwt.

H. Mortimer Batten

SYMBOL OF PURITY: A wonderful study of a wild stoat from Pencaitland. The main difference between stoat and weasel lies in the seasonal change of coat or pelage. This transformation seldom occurs in England, but stoats in Scotland turn in winter to the conventional dazzling white of ermine

Captain L. M. H. Benn

PLAYBOYS OF THE MARINE WORLD: A school of porpoises swimming in front of the bow of a steamer in the Red Sea. They maintain their station in this fashion for a considerable distance without effort and to do so make no perceptible movement of tail or fin save when one spurts ahead to break surface and leap in the air

THE ELEPHANT

How Ought One to Approach Him?

By W. G. ADAM

This exposition by Mr. Adam is one of those delightful accounts by the expert which leave the layman in a pleasing state of uncertainty as to how to address an elephant on short acquaintance; advice as to how to treat lion in the open we know is extensive and varied. To this we now add Mr. Adam's account of the elephant

An elephant's sight is not good, his hearing is poor, and his mind cannot comprehend more than one matter at a time. If a man surprises him in the open, he will frequently take some steps in the man's direction, cocking his ears and trumpeting, an action which is often interpreted into vice. However, it is merely so that the animal may get the man's scent plainly enough to distinguish it; that done, he will trundle off. The same thing happens occasionally in the jungle, though an elephant, there, is generally too busy with his own affairs to notice what is not pushed absolutely before his eyes or into his acute sense of scent. Even then, if the forest is thick, he will often keep perfectly quiet, trusting that the stranger will pass on.

An ordinary herd of elephants may be approached with impunity, the sole danger being that they may stampede in fright. Then their great leathery ears cock like excited terriers', up go their trunks with discordant trumpetings, and off they crash, over-running everything in their way without the least intention of mischief. Frequently, when a man thinks he has been charged, it is merely because a terrified elephant has mistaken his direction and dashed *at* what has frightened him instead of away from it. The result of such a collision is naturally as disastrous as in the case of real vice, but the beast can hardly be blamed, though many are proclaimed as "rogues" for little more.

Small elephant calves are best avoided. If a cow thinks she can get her offspring away she is mild enough, otherwise she will be dangerous. A male in "must"—when his breeding lust is upon him, which is preceded by an oily discharge from an orifice in each temple—is apt to be an awkward customer. His cows must be protected, and he will sometimes go out of his way to make trouble. However, both the jealous mother and the "musty" male can be evaded with ordinary care, and need embroil no sensible person in catastrophe.

Elephants are terrified of cats, and, in a lesser degree, of dogs; the writer has known hounds to hunt them, even in view. Horses, unused to elephants, are exceedingly frightened of their smell, even though the scent or sight of a horse sends an elephant off faster than almost anything else.

The animal to be treated with respect is the "rogue." He is an outcast from his herd, and he fears nothing. He is viciously crafty; he will sometimes attack on sight, though he prefers to lie in ambush, but such a lumbering enemy is not difficult to dodge amongst sufficiently large trees. Great care must be exercised, however, for he is terribly determined, while the most fatal thing to do is to stand close behind a tree. An elephant's trunk is long enough to grab both man and tree-trunk, an action that rogues have been known to perform with unbelievable quickness.

At the present time many harmless elephants are proclaimed "rogue" for damage done to property in quest of food, but it is incorrect. The rogue proper does his damage in vice, while he feeds sanely enough in the jungle. In all probability, heat has more to do with the making of a rogue than is generally thought.

The following incident will show how easily an elephant may lose his character, and for what little reason. A timid man was walking up a steep jungle-path when he heard the snortings of an elephant within a few yards of him in the undergrowth. The beast scented the man and stampeded up-hill, through the jungle, parallel to the path. The man ran upwards also, endeavouring to pass the elephant; but he found that impossible and fled down again. The same thoughts must have passed through the flurried animal's brain; round he swung to crash back along the lane he had just trampled, repassing the man on the path in a few moments. This was too much for the latter, who turned to face the hill once more believing his last hour had come — so did the elephant a second later, and the game of cross-purposes continued for half-an-hour. A long story was made subsequently of a narrow escape from a vicious rogue, and the unfortunate beast would have been outlawed had not sane counsels prevailed.

No elephant that stands, or walks, flapping his ears, is ever thinking of anything but his personal concerns, such as food.

OFF CAPE HORN

A Description of One of the Roughest Passages in the World

(*Continued from p.* 147)

But once around the Horn, edging northward towards the south-east trade wind, the old Cape Horner quickly forgot the privations and trials of the past few weeks, as he nimbly climbed aloft to "bend sail," replacing the storm suit of heavy canvas with a fine weather set with its many odd patches and splices.

Yet sometimes the 'Outward bounder" would get a good "slant" as it was called, and make a fairly quick passage around Cape Horn minus the difficulties mentioned above, but they were few and far between.

Looking at a map, landsmen must often wonder why vessels did not pass through the Magellan Straits — it looks easy — instead of battling their way around Cape Horn.

These straits were discovered by Ferdinand Magellan, a Portuguese navigator, in the year A.D. 1,520. They are about 310 miles in length, and the passage is fraught with much danger. What with the swift currents, dense fogs, dirty rainy weather, violent squalls screaming at times down the mountain sides, few safe anchorages—and these far apart—served to make the trip hazardous. Magellan took thirty-eight days to pass from the east to the western entrance.

Some later sailing vessels attempted the straits, and took eighty days to pass through, whilst many others were wrecked and totally lost.

Even with modern steamships the straits must be treated with respect, and the marine insurance companies demand an extra premium for vessels using the Magellan Straits.

Low-powered steamers using these straits may easily lose days passing through owing to the bad weather encountered and the navigation conditions.

Steamers homeward bound from New Zealand for London invariably keep the seas and pass south of Cape Horn, making a non-stop run of 10,300 miles to the Canary Islands, there to take in fuel, and depart again on their final run of 1,630 miles to Dover.

Often in these later years I have passed Cape Horn distant two miles "homeward bound" from New Zealand, in a well-found steamer to the tune of very pleasant weather, dry decks, with a clean, cool nip in the air. I've raised my cap or given a mild salute to old "Cape Stiff," as sailormen called it, vividly recollecting the trying times we sailormen endured beating our way westwards around this self-same Cape Horn in the 'eighties.

What a complete change, even more so than the change that has taken place from old-time horse-coaches to that of the motor traffic of to-day.

More so, because the horse-coach could promise to land you in London in a couple of days, but the old-time seaman could not promise to round Cape Horn without a margin of seven days to six weeks, and even then maybe end up with a strained hull, and rigging all ragged and torn.

The total decay and departure of the sailing ship, and the complete advent of steamers, have altered everything beyond recognition, and all the former disabilities have faded away, and the erstwhile terrors of Cape Horn are a thing of the past, and with them went the "Romance of the Sea," with all its alluring indefiniteness.

In later years the opening of the Panama Canal served to further relegate Cape Horn to the past bygone days of romance, for it has shortened considerably the distances between England and the ports of Western America. Added to the shorter distances for steamers, the coaling and fuelling facilities are much cheaper and quicker via the Panama Canal.

Icebergs are not often seen immediately off Cape Horn, for the drift of the Antarctic Stream carries the bergs to the north and eastward of the Falkland Islands, and there you can sight many of them at times.

The Falkland Islands lie about 400 miles north-east of Cape Horn.

Bergs have been sighted as much as 500 miles north of the Falklands, but by that time they have frittered away to small dimensions, owing to continual sea erosion underneath.

The icebergs of the Antarctic are usually flat-topped, as they break away from the Antarctic ice-barrier; they are quite different from the pinnacled glacier bergs of the North Atlantic Ocean.

Calms off Cape Horn are few and far between, and a calm, oily sea surface with a reddish tinge usually denotes coming gales, *vide* the adage, "the lull before the storm."

But there are periods of light or moderate winds at times, during which the mariner gets what is called "a fine slant around the Horn," but once the "westerlies" set in they are relentless and enduring.

The homeward-bounder from New Zealand or Australia often passed the Cape with all kites flying, dry decks, and the ship a thing of joy and comfort, for in addition to the fair wind she would be "flying light" with a cargo of wool or frozen meat for London.

Ships from the American coast laden with wheat or guano or nitrate, deep laden, may not have had as dry a deck as the wool ships, but nevertheless they also passed Cape Horn homewards, close to, and with all possible sails set.

During the winter months the days are very short and the nights seem long and dreary, dark at 4 p.m. to 8 a.m. next day, often broken by vivid displays of the Aurora Australis in all its grandeur, especially if the sky is broken up with small masses of clouds. One watches the rays of the Aurora darting from one cloud to another. Very heavy gales blow at times during the summer months, but there is some consolation in the long daylight hours against the two or three hours of darkness.

The fauna of Cape Horn, and in fact of all the islands and salient points of the Southern Hemisphere, abounds with bird life. The remote, uninhabited islands are their natural habitat, to which they flock in countless thousands, especially for breeding purposes.

Days before reaching Cape Horn either way, sea-birds would join us in increasing numbers and would be attached to the ship for weeks on end. The very pretty Cape pigeon (pintado petrel), stormy petrels (Mother Carey's chickens), molyhauks or mallemucks, Cape hens, and many others kept close company with us, flying around the ship to and fro during moderate weather, huddled in a flock under our lee during a storm.

All were bold and fearless, one could almost touch them by hand as they flitted incessantly by; quarrelling with a screeching din as they fought for the "tasty morsels" thrown overboard by members of the crew.

These birds did not carry clocks, but they had the best idea of "time" of any members of the bird family that I have met. They knew to a minute when the "eight to twelve watch" would be dumping their bits over after the noon meal, and exactly when the cook had finished cleaning up his galley and his slops.

They were our constant companions away down South, and a common, everyday feature of Cape Horn life, arousing much interest amongst the crew,

Away on the distant horizon one often caught sight of that wonderful bird, the "wandering albatross," wide of wing, gracefully gyrating about low down, the very poetry of motion without an effort.

It is a shy sort of bird, essentially a Southerner, holding itself aloof from all the others mentioned above.

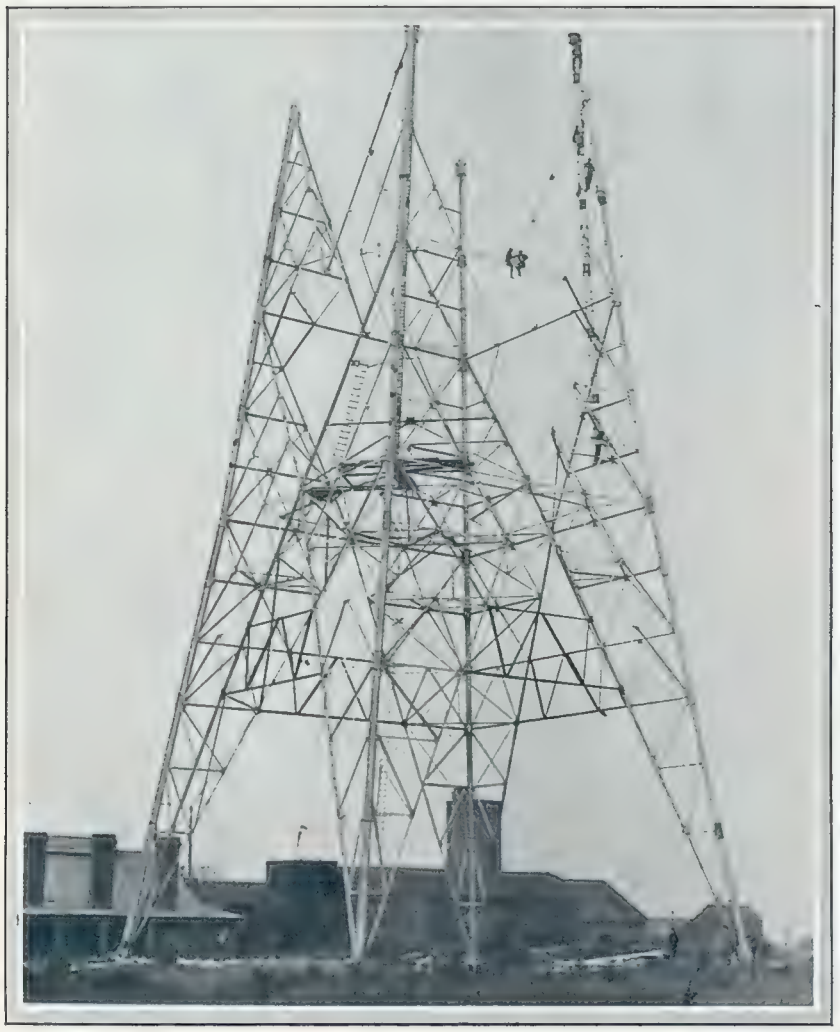
Near the land we often caught sight of several shags (cormorants) returning home from seawards laden with fish, heading with craned neck and wobbly flight towards their rudely-constructed, evil-smelling nests high up amongst the almost inaccessible crags of the cliffs.

So closes the "Romance of the Sea" as applied to Cape Horn.

ELECTRI FYING BRITAIN by the Grid System

Drawn for THE SPHERE by D. Macpherson

CURRENT SPANNING CURRENT: A pictorial forecast of the gigantic 500 ft. pylons now being erected at Barking. A sort of "pool" will be created at Dagenham for the whole of S.E. England. The pylons have been drawn with St. Paul's in the background for the sake of comparison—they will top it by some 150 ft. The cables, at the lowest part of their sag, will be but 250 ft. above the Thames—thus clearing all shipping



UNDER CONSTRUCTION: Men at work on one of the pylons at Barking where they are being erected to bear the cables to the 500 ft. cable towers (seen in the top picture) at Dagenham

ALREADY EXTANT: A grid pylon which carries current across the river Clyde—one of the integral units of the Scottish grid scheme already completed

The great grid system to electrify England, facets of which appear above, is now being so rapidly constructed that it is expected to be completed by December 1932, three years ahead of schedule. Work—with pylons, sub-stations and river crossings—has been progressing at the rate of 100 miles a month. 3,500 men are directly employed under the scheme. The purpose of the scheme is to ensure an abundance of cheap electric power for the long awaited trade revival, but according to an authority, speaking at a recent electrical congress, the effect of the present policy of the (Central Electricity) Board has been proved in many cases to entail so heavy an additional cost, as entirely to prohibit any possibility of an undertaking of this kind ever competing with local factories of considerable size which might already have their own plant installed.

MONSTER FISHING Off the Scarborough Coast:

A Special Description by a "Sphere" Commissioner,

LEONARD V. DODDS

The Fisherman and his Prize: *Mr. Mitchell-Henry, the distinguished game fisherman, with his first tunny. On the left is Mr. W. J. Clarke, to whose efforts this great new sport largely is due. Tunny fishing is one of the most thrilling pastimes known*

Spoils of the Chase: *Bringing in two tunny at Scarborough. These great fish fight like lions, diving down and forward when they are hooked, and they are not only powerful and game, but can use their 700 lb. odd of weight to advantage. They are preserved by strict game laws*

Hauling Aboard: *A gigantic tunny hoisted on to a trawler from the dinghy*

Tunny-fishing has ended for this season with last year's record unbroken; 758 lb. of fighting fish, caught with rod and line off Scarborough in August last year by Mr. Fred Taylor of Manchester, is only 23 lb. below Mr. Zane Gray's world record for the biggest tunny ever caught.

Big game anglers had hoped that the record would come to Britain this season, but though some great fish were hooked, the really big ones, as usual in anglers' tales, "got away." Nevertheless, Mr. L. Mitchell-Henry, who landed the first British tunny last year was successful again off Scarborough, and brought in a 560 lb. monster. It was a good 9 ft. long and 2 ft. 9 in. across the flukes of the tail.

Truly this is a worthy answer to the fisherman's prayer: "Lord grant that I may catch a fish so big, that even I, when talking of it afterwards, may never need to lie!"

Tunny were first noticed off Scarborough about four years ago, and have been seen regularly during the last three years. Mr. W. J. Clarke, F.Z.S., a local naturalist and a keen angler, immediately recognized the possibilities for wonderful sport, and to his efforts is primarily due the only big-game fishing season in Britain.

The spawning grounds of tunny are in the Mediterranean, and it is believed that they follow the herring and mackerel round the North of Scotland. Generally they are found in the wake of the herring fleet, and anglers have found that they will take bait ravenously if ready early enough. The best time is when the nets are being drawn in and before the tunny are surfeited with the fish that fall from the nets. To ensure being there on time often entails an all-night journey for the fisherman, and about three o'clock in the morning is zero hour. The line is baited with herring or mackerel.

The tunny is the largest of the mackerel family and has all the fighting qualities of its smaller brother. Mr. Mitchell-Henry's fish this year took six hours to land, and he says, "it fought to the last ounce." Like the mackerel, the tunny has the same bluish colouring above and spotted silver and grey beneath. A large tunny may be up to 1,000 lb. in weight. Several fish believed to be about this size have been sighted off Scarborough both this year and last, so there is every hope of another world record for Britain. Usually, however, the weight is between 500 and 700 lb., with an average length of 10 ft.

The angler goes out in a motor coble with a crew of about four men and a small row boat is towed behind. Tunny may be found anywhere from ten to sixty miles out—the average seems to be between twenty and thirty. Usually the coble gets news from some of the herring fleet and then the fun begins.

The angler gets aboard the row-boat with one man to pull it and then tries his luck. The motor-boat keeps within hail, but it may not be used for fishing.

Once the bait is swallowed the row-boat may be dragged three or four miles while the fish is played, indeed in one case the row-boat took the larger craft in tow, and this mighty fish pulled two boats and four men at a steady five miles an hour.

Skilled seamanship as well as first-rate angling are wanted, and all the big-game anglers who have been to Scarborough pay tribute to the sea lore of the Yorkshiremen.

The tremendous physical strain of a six-hour tussle with one of these giants of the deep necessitates special equipment which will bear part of the burden.

The rod is short and stout, about 7 ft. in length. Usually it is made of hickory, and sometimes has a built-cone "tip" above the reel. When the bait has well and truly gone a leather shoulder-harness takes the weight of the rod, for no man could hold it with his arms; if he did, in all probability he would be dragged overboard. The butt of the rod rests on a swivel seat which allows movement in all directions. By this arrangement the hands are left entirely free to guide the rod and control the reel. The reel itself is a big one, taking up to 600 yards of line, and it is usually fitted with two brakes.

The outfit must be of great strength and naturally it is costly. About £60 is a usual price for big game fishing equipment. When compared with the amounts spent on guns for the shooting season, however, this is not exorbitant.

When hooked the tunny does not leap right out of the water like the sail fish and the sword fish, but dives at once, boring down and forward at the same time.

The rules of the game were framed by the British Sea Anglers' Society, who limit the amount of line to 500 yards and prohibit handling in any way. Mr. Fred Taylor was refused a certificate for his record fish because all unwittingly he broke the rule. The dead weight of his fish was so great that he was unable to reel close enough to the boat to enable his fisherman to grasp the steel cast which is about 20 ft. long. He had to handle his line, which is not allowed.

The Catalina Club on Avalon Island off the Californian coast is the centre of tunny fishing in America and some magnificent fish have been caught. American rules, however, are less strict than in this country, and not only can the engine of a motor-boat be pitted against the strength of the fish but the fish is shot with a pistol when the fight is ending.

Mr. Mitchell-Henry believes that it would be a profitable undertaking for British fishermen to catch tunny for market. Naturally they would not emulate the skill of the angler but would probably shoot or harpoon the fish. Denmark has been canning tunny for three years and another factory was opened last year. America has been canning tunny for years past.

The flesh of one fish is worth about £10, and Mr. Mitchell-Henry's first fish this year was exhibited in a fishmonger's shop in Harrogate. Within a few hours 440 lb. had been sold. The red-coloured flesh is not unlike salmon in taste, and is esteemed as a delicacy in the countries round the Mediterranean, where it has been known since Roman times.

PEOPLE in the PUBLIC EYE

A Sextette of Interesting Personalities of the Week

A FILIAL EASEL! M. Boleslaw de Szankowski, the distinguished Polish, artist touches up his portrait of Miss Phoebe Houston Boswell, daughter of Sir T. R. Houston Boswell. The artist's daughter supports the canvas. M. de Szankowski, a noted portraitist of the *haut monde*, is holding an exhibition at the Claridge Gallery—an attractive artistic display

PROTEGÉES OF THE KING: Miss Lorna and Miss Beatrice Friend, two daughters of the second mate of *Britannia* who was washed overboard at Cowes, have been placed in the Royal Merchant Seaman's Orphanage at Wokingham

IN SUCCESSION TO LORD BYNG: Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Lord Trenchard, G.C.B., D.S.O., who has been appointed Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police. Lord Trenchard's appointment shows the trend of the times, for he is of the same type as his immediate predecessor. The recent police scandals necessitate a continuance of the strict discipline inaugurated by Lord Byng

DELEGATES ON THROUGH TRAVEL: A scene in the Great Central Hotel, Marylebone, where the European Time Table and Through Railway Carriage Conference is being held. On the decisions of this Conference the comfort of all long-distance travellers depends

THE KING'S CHAPLAIN, Canon T. Guy Rogers, is here seen arriving at New York aboard the White Star Liner, *Homeric*. He is delivering a series of lectures in many of the principal cities of the U.S.A.

WELL AND TRULY LAID: Lady Lockyer, the widow of the late Sir Norman Lockyer, the noted astronomer, lays the foundation stone of the new building for the College Hall, University of London, in Byng Place. With Lady Lockyer is the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Scott-Lidgett, accompanied by the mace-bearer

Special "Sphere" picture

THE MIRROR THAT TOLD THE TRAGIC TRUTH: Queen Elizabeth, wigless, an old and weary woman, is revealed to Essex—the most dramatic moment in Elizabeth of England *at the Cambridge. The four figures in the background are lay figures—stands with golden faces which support the superb gowns ready for the Queen to wear*

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

BY PHILIP PAGE

"Cavalcade."

Irrespective of any other point, some credit—in fact, a great deal of credit—is due to Mr. C. B. Cochran and Mr. Noel Coward for allowing, by the production of *Cavalcade*, Drury Lane once again to enjoy the title of the National Theatre, and to live up to that title. For far too long Drury Lane had been the scene of the production of American music-dramas of varying degrees of box-office attraction, but of persistently steady inanity. Large sums of money were thus paid out to foreign authors and composers, and frequently to foreign performers. This is not, of course, a criminal act, but one can have too much of a bad thing. With the argument that Drury Lane is a money-making concern, with shareholders to be considered, and not a philanthropic institution or a hall of jingoism, I fully agree. Yet shareholders of late have not had reason to bless these importations from abroad; if money must be lost, it is a shade better to lose it with a British production than with a foreign one. This is not mere patriotic burbling, but sheer common sense. Messrs. Cochran and Coward have done much better than this. They have not only restored the dignity of a famous theatre by being robustly and flamboyantly British; they have launched what looks like being an exceedingly profitable venture into the bargain—and a very business-like bargain, too. Lucky indeed is the man who can let his ideals and his bank balance flourish simultaneously.

And thus, with easy grace, to *Cavalcade*—the pageant. It is not a play. If I had to call it a play, I would also have to call it the worst play Noel Coward ever wrote, which would be an ill way of repaying one of the most enjoyable, one of the most arresting evenings I have ever spent in a theatre.

Tree was often blamed (though never by me—I liked it) for overloading Shakespeare with scenery and general elaboration—and making money out of it. Arthur Collins was blamed for rescuing crude and even absurd dramas by means of thrilling spectacle—and making money out of it. Logically, therefore, Noel Coward could be blamed still more for producing with genius and lavish expenditure something that is so much less than Shakespeare, so much less than even the Druriodrama of a couple of decades ago—with every prospect of making much more money out of it. I prefer, however, to congratulate him on his courage and uncanny intuition in realizing when a play, as such, does not matter and when pageantry—above all, pageantry with idealism and a Message behind it—matter a very great deal. After all, Mr. Coward can always write a good play when he wishes.

Those who are familiar with this author's subtle and often impish humour, with his apparent conviction that the world, well though it has repaid his own hard work, is a most foolish place, may well imagine that he evolved *Cavalcade* with his tongue in his cheek. I am convinced that this is not anything like the case. The only time he was "codding" was when he showed us a musical comedy of thirty years ago—and if you want to see what an exquisite gem of burlesque that is, go to Daly's Theatre and see the real thing. This scene was but a means to an end—it was brilliantly played and sung by Miss Strella Wilson and Mr. Purveur—and is a conspicuous example of Mr. Coward's infallible sense of the theatre.

The Marryot Family are the slender thread which is supposed to hold the production together, just as the Smith Family once held together a successful revue. That they do nothing of the sort hardly seems to be relevant. They might have just sung "We are an unhappy family, we are, we are, we are," and left it at that. When I saw Lady Marryot, after having undergone a boatswain's tot of misfortunes for thirty-two years, learn by a telegram, on November 11, 1918, that her last surviving son had been killed, I felt prepared to hear, with chagrin but not with any surprise, of the sudden death of Mr. Cochran, Mr. Coward, Mr. Frank Collins, Lord Lurgan, and all the shareholders. Except that she looked just the same age in 1899 as she did in 1931, Miss Mary Clare gave a very fine performance—sincere, compelling, and perfectly natural. Miss Vera O'Connor was better as the elderly mother of a stage "star" than as a young parlourmaid, but was good throughout. Miss Irene Browne, in a colourless part, cleverly made the most of one fine moment. Mr. Fred Groves progressed realistically from butlering to boozing. Yet the acting seemed to matter extraordinarily little.

What, then, does matter in *Cavalcade* that makes it an experience no one should miss? It is the spectacle and the atmosphere and, most important of all, the use the author has made of both. I can imagine the departure of a troopship, Mafeking night, Queen Victoria's funeral, Victoria Station during the War years, and so forth equally smoothly produced—yet meaning nothing. Here, with the aid of just the contemporary music which should have been selected, they mean everything. Those of us who remember the England of thirty years ago and those who, like Mr. Coward, were tiny babies at the time, will fall alike under the spell of *Cavalcade*, solemn and often poignant though it be. Here are optimism and patriotism in their deepest sense. I do not like the theatre to have a "mission." But Mr. Coward has convinced me that there can be a very noble exception.

The SCENES in the PAGEANT of "CAVALCADE"

Scene 1	Dec. 31, '99: The End of the Century
Scene 2	Jan. 29, '00: A Troopship for Africa
Scene 3	May 18, '00 (afternoon): No News from Mafeking
Scene 4	May 18, '00 (evening): Mafeking Relieved
Scene 5	Jan. 21, '01: Queen Victoria Sinking
Scene 6	Jan. 27, '01: Queen Victoria's Death
Scene 7	Feb. 2, '01: Queen Victoria's Funeral
Scene 8	May 14, '03: An Edwardian Reception
Scene 9	June 16, '06 (afternoon): A Public-house
Scene 10	June 16, '06 (evening): Petticoat Lane
Scene 11	March 10, '09: Romano's
Scene 12	July 25, '10: Bleriot Over the Channel
Scene 13	April 14, '12: The "Titanic"
Scene 14	August 4, '14: War Declared
Scene 15	1914-15-16-17-18: War
Scene 16	Oct. 22, '18 (evening): Wartime Socially, Revolutionary Idyll
Scene 17	Oct. 22, '18 (night): Victoria Station
Scene 18	Nov. 11, '18 (afternoon): The Telegram
Scene 19	Nov. 11, '18 (night): Trafalgar Square
Scene 20	Dec. 31, '30 (evening): A Night Club
Scene 21	Dec. 31, '30 (night): New Year's Eve Toast
Scene 22	Finale: Chaos

As some of our readers may not be date perfect concerning recent times, we give here an annotated list of the scenes in "Cavalcade," the splendidly patriotic Coward-Cochran pageant now running at Drury Lane. The programme merely gives the dates and leaves the rest to the spectator

"The Immortal Lady."

Those earnest people who gather once a year round the statue of King Charles I at Whitehall, and who petition bishops to get the royal martyr's name restored to the list of saints in the Anglican Prayer Book, may find more interest than I did in Mr. Clifford Bax's stoutly Jacobite play, *The Immortal Lady*, at the Royalty Theatre. I found it decidedly thin for three acts. The excitement that might have come from watching the Countess of Nithsdale rescue her husband from the Tower was considerably discounted, so far as I am concerned, by the fact that this is history. So all the time the "immortal lady" was doing incredibly gallant things and getting her man out of his cell by (according to the Royalty production) a ruse that would not have deceived a cretin, I was sure she was going to succeed, and my heart was never in my mouth. Even had Mr. Bax treated the episode with more skill, it is not in itself sufficient to form a good play. It does, however, provide Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson with a long and adventurous part. Her breathless anxiety and her fervour did manage to impart a suggestion that it would be a splendid thing to rescue Lord Nithsdale, until we saw Lord Nithsdale himself. It was hardly Mr. Ivan Samson's fault that he proved such a dull and pompous dog that I wanted to see him go to the block forthwith, and his wife keep her breath to cool her porridge.

Miss Nellie Briercliffe was most attractive, and her presence and an intolerable deal of talk about the Tower of London made me long for a bar or two of Sullivan's music and the sight of Shadbolt, Dame Carruthers, Jack Point, and the rest of 'em to cheer things up a bit. There was some incidental music, and excellent it was. But there was too much of it. Mr. Arthur Young gave us a bright moment as George I.

"There's Always Juliet."

When one feels the need of a clever and lifelike comedy, with human people talking to each other in it as human people *do* talk, there's always Mr. John Van Druten. His *There's Always Juliet* at the New Theatre has a cast of four, and should run for at least double that number of months, not because it is economical, but because it is amusing. It is the lightest and most delicate fare. One inch nearer the precipice and it would tumble over into the jejune. Played one scrap less efficiently and charmingly than it is by Miss Edna Best and Mr. Herbert Marshall, it would be tedious. But the result as it stands is most happy. I was glad to see that much acquaintance with film work has not induced Miss Best and Mr. Marshall to go in for what are known as "broader methods." I devoutly hope it never will.

"Sensation."

Constantly do I find that there is a tendency to absolve the authors of ineffective melodramas, of which *Sensation* at the Lyceum is a conspicuous example, from blame with some such phrase as "it is better not to look too closely into the probabilities of the plot," and so forth.

Why on earth should there be? I do not expect the author of this play to commit a murder in order to find out how murders are done. But I do expect him, if he is making a newspaper office the pivot of his plot, to find out how a newspaper office is run. It would surely be easy, too, to attend some sort of trial before putting on the stage the most absurd of court scenes, with every rule of evidence and procedure disregarded and a counsel snapping disobedience at the judge with the words "I can't help that, my lord."

If *Sensation* had been intended as a burlesque, those strange happenings in the office of the *Daily Sun* and in the Law Courts might have been considered funny—though not very funny. But they were intended to impress us and to curdle our blood over the woes of the young journalist who, for the sake of his paper, let himself stand in the dock on a capital charge. Lots of people were killed besides the man he was accused of murdering, and each death made the play sillier.

There was, however, genuine fun in the incidental music; and beautiful Miss Eve Gray gave a most sympathetic performance. Good, too, were Mr. Laurence Anderson, Mr. Robert Holmes, and—a ripe and fruity piece of true melodrama this—Mr. Arthur Stratton.

"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

"The Anatomist" at the Westminster ■ *"The Painted Veil" at the Playhouse* ■ *"For the Love of Mike" at the Saville*

THE CAD AND THE LADY: Mr. Arthur Margetson as the lover who lets down his mistress, and Miss Gladys Cooper as the mistress who gets let down by him in the first act of The Painted Veil *at the Playhouse. They are seen above with Mr. C. Chong in the rôle of a Chinese servant. This adaptation of the notable Somerset Maugham novel has in it a grim inhumanity that is most disturbing and provides Miss Cooper with a study in monotone which escapes monotony by her art*

"THE ANATOMIST" AS MUSICIAN: Mr. Henry Ainley, whose "come-backs" to the stage have a habit of being triumphant, in the rôle of Dr. Knox in The Anatomist *at the Westminster*

THE CHOICE: Mr. Lewis Casson as the husband who is a biologist informs Miss Gladys Cooper, who plays the wife he has just caught in flagrante that, if her lover will marry her he (the husband) will arrange a divorce but, if not, she must accompany him to a plague-centre forthwith. Finding her lover not of a marrying type, the wife, perforce, consents. Mr. Casson's grim performance ends at his death, fitly, with a bitter jest on his lips

IN A MUSICAL COMEDY TRIUMPH: Mr. Alfred Drayton as Richard Miller and Miss Peggy Cartwright as Mike Castleman in the brilliant "play with tunes" at the new Saville Theatre, For the Love of Mike

"GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME": Mr. Harcourt Brook as Jerry Bennett, the gaol-bird, is arrested by Mr. Syd Walker as P.C. Wildgoose for a crime committed for purely altruistic reasons by the hero of For the Love of Mike, *played by Mr. Bobby Howes—one of the complications at the Saville Theatre*

Raphael
MISS MARGERY LAWRENCE, whose volume, "The Madonna of Seven Moons," is reviewed below on this page

Raphael
MISS ANTOINETTE TIERCE, whose book, "Between Two Fires," is treated of by Mr. Roberts on this page

Kay Vaughan
MISS NAOMI LUDOLF, the author of "Loose Covers." An actress she has written this first novel at twenty-three

A HARD-BOILED HIKING VIRGIN

And Other Literary Matters of the Week

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

Some years ago I had my first sight of the American-born hiker. The type is appearing along our country lanes now, though our unattached ladies are not—as are their American sisters—in the habit of taking five-thousand-mile trips and getting lifts from lorry drivers. But here is an astonishing story of an American girl's hike across the United States, *Touch and Go*, by Barbara Starke (Cape. 7s. 6d. net). Barbara is what the Americans call "a hard-boiled virgin." That phrase, by the way, was coined as the title of a novel by a shy young woman who lived and died in Decatur, Georgia. It brought her an hour of fame, and the title of her book, like that of Main Street, has passed into the Hollywood-Americanese that is now our very common tongue. But to return to Barbara. The type does not, cannot exist in England. It needs a soil of restrictive Puritanism, Yankee downrightness, and the American herd instinct. Barbara, having been sent to board in a Y.W.C.A. decided that the letters meant Young Women Captured Alive. Informing her family that she had gone to stay with a school friend, she took a night boat to New York, found a lonely travelling companion, and arrived in New York no longer so hard-boiled.

Yet this is not a Bad Girl's Diary. Her lapses are frankly chronicled but, unlike a D. H. Lawrence history, there is variety, and this book is much more than a fantasia on the sexophone. The race of men, particularly in that state where they are termed the Casanovas of Illinois, does not emerge very creditably, though Barbara derides a young Englishman who was too honourable! When a girl, a freeborn American girl, gets into trousers and stops lorry drivers, sleeps in fields, and lets strange men give her meals, it would be too much to expect a story of knight errantry. The honesty of this narrative will not recommend the book to the Parish Library, but as an adventure story, as a study in revolt to a degree that would alarm even Judge Ben Lindsey, who launched upon the United States the startling creed of companionate marriage, the book is quite unique.

As a record of brazen adventure this book is thrilling, though I confess that, as Barbara's father, I should be horrified. I am torn between the desire to thank her and spank her.

The delirium of joy that overcame the inhabitants of Lille when we marched into that city after its four years' occupation by the Germans, is something the pen failed to convey. For a war correspondent, in those days so full of joyful news, many a good story had to be omitted. But I never heard of or came across a story to equal that told by Antoinette Tierce in *Between Two Fires* (Bodley Head. 8s. 6d.). It is the well-written record of her magnificent heroism and resource in sheltering four escaped British prisoners in her house during the German occupation of Lille. Her courage and cleverness read like a chapter from *The Scarlet Pimpernel*. She faced death, she suffered imprisonment, she met with treachery among her own countrymen, but she never flinched in her ordeal. Her quick wits saved her again and again. Once she put her head out of the window to find a search-party at the door. Her escaped Englishman had not yet been hidden. Hastily wrapping a bathrobe about her, she requested a few minutes' grace, owing to her bath, before opening the door, and thus had time to secrete her prisoner on the roof. As an adventure story it is the equal of anything that fiction can concoct. The sweetness of this woman's nature emerges in her tribute to the enemy. She records the kindness of Fräulein Anna, her German wardress. She gave away her character to convince a German inquisitor that the Englishman she sheltered was her lover. Again and again she outwitted the enemy. At the end of the War the King sent her a medal and a letter of thanks. This book will widen the number that wish to thank her for a record so honourable to her race and sex.

I don't know what to call Mr. Ralph Straus's *A Whip for the Woman* (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.) except that it is excellent fun. It is neither a novel, nor a biography, nor an autobiography. It is at one and the same time a sly advertisement of Mr. Ralph Straus's many books, his numerous and distinguished friends, his many activities as novelist, reviewer, cricketer, publisher, director, and wit. It sparkles on every page with a gay spirit that makes fun of the profession of novel writing, of critics and publishers, and of the public. The story is that of a hidden genius who writes a novel, sees it fail ignominiously, and is suddenly whirled into fame and riches by the chance remark of a stupid peer at a public dinner. The book has to be read twice, once for the satire of the literary life, and once for the footnotes on Mr. Straus's life. The book is devastatingly true. It has almost happened to Mr. Straus, it has almost happened to me. It warns us that no matter how illiterate we are we may suddenly be forced to out-Priestley the Priestleys and wallop the Walpoles with successive editions, uncountable, and unaccountable.

There is no end to the inquisitiveness of Mr. E. Beresford Chancellor. No drain-pipe or chimney pot of London town escapes his curious eye. He taps a pavement and it wells into history and anecdote. It is quite useless his attempting in his dedication to blame Sir Mervyn Macartney for his having written *The Romance of Soho* (Country Life. 12s. 6d.). Mr. Chancellor is his own provocation and justification. In Soho we are abroad with him in that spaghetti-ghetto and omelette-odoriferous *quartier* where life is one long appetite and flip of the napkin. But there is another Soho conjured up by Mr. Chancellor, the Soho of the shades of Blake, Mozart, de Quincey, Hazlitt, and Mrs. Cornelys. And Soho saw nothing more amazing than Mrs. Cornelys, who had a house "laid out in a very superior style as a female archery," who for ten years dominated London society, employed thirty-two servants, figured in the chronicles of Casanova, and ended her career in the Fleet Prison. A king and a poet lived there. The king was Theodore, King of Corsica, and he died in a garret. The poet was Dryden, who lived at 43, Gerrard Street, a near neighbour of Edmund Burke, who lived at 37 during his trial.

On ground so rich with associations, Mr. Beresford Chancellor is in his element. His prodigious memory peoples every alley with the famous and infamous dead.

Monsieur de Maisse was ambassador in England from King Henry IV to Queen Elizabeth. We get in his journal, *De Maisse* (The Nonsuch Press. 7s. 6d.), a contemporary picture of Elizabeth and her Court. He was a cold observer of English life, of the men around the Queen, of Essex and Burleigh, but he was gradually won over by the Queen's great ability. Her vanity, shrewdness, scholarship, and love of music and dancing are all noted, and towards the end of his mission he established cordial relations with this formidable creature. "I found her very well and kindly disposed. She was having the spinet played to her in her chamber, seeming very attentive to it." I like the Queen's reply to Monsieur de Maisse when he congratulated her after she had told him that she spoke six languages better than her own—it was no marvel to teach a woman to talk; it were far harder to teach her to hold her tongue. This book is a most readable translation from the French.

As a companion volume there is Mr. Eric Linklater's *Ben Jonson* (Cape. 10s. 6d.). The fact that it is largely conjecture, so small is the actual material concerning Jonson, need not detract from the reader's enjoyment. Mr. Linklater lets his imagination play, but not extravagantly, and he contrives to present a lively picture of Jonson's England from the time of the Spanish Armada to the days when John Hampden's refusal to pay ship-money foretold the storm. There is much beauty in the writing.

American daughters who marry titled Italian husbands usually contrive, in fiction, to show that they have made a bad bargain. My own observation of them in Italy is that they get more than their dollars' worth. Mr. Struthers Burt in *Festival* (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.) makes out a good case for the American daughter. Her Italian Prince is not only a libertine but he takes drugs supplied by some English trash who live across Lake Como. Father, too, strong if not silent, is vamped by a worthless English aristocrat; though father, having a wife at home, and a lover also, should have known better. Knowing the home life of Mr. Struther's hero, Dorn Grifliths, and aware, too, of the high percentage of divorces in America, I cannot share the hero's indignation with the Prince or the wicked lady across the lake. And did not the father catch his own daughter in most compromising circumstances? Nevertheless, we are asked to be indignant with European morals, and I do not wonder that this essay in racial superiority has made Mr. Burt's novel a best-seller. His view-point apart, he can write extremely well.

My week's reading has discovered two enjoyable novels. Miss Margery Lawrence's *The Madonna of Seven Moons* (Hurst Blackett. 7s. 6d.), a story rich with the Italian landscape and turning upon the dual personality of a woman, resulting in violence, passion, and virtue by one who was at once a matron and a harlot. The other, very different in tempo and period, is *Harm Wulf*, by Hermann Löns (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.), the story of a peasant leader during the grim Thirty Years' War. This picture of the seventeenth-century in North-western Germany is drawn with a terrible intensity, a picture of terror and death.

Recommended:

The Barber's Clock, *by E. V. Lucas* **(Methuen. 5s. net).**—When Mr. Lucas, as a boy, attended the barber's, a clock seen through a mirror went backwards. Here he reflects "backwards" in his inimitable manner through the medium of Richard of *Windfall's Eve*.

Fish Are Such Liars, *by Roland Pertwee* **(Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net).**—A collection of thirty-one stories in the Pertwee manner, gentle, humorous, and well-knit.

A Cotswold Book, *by H. W. Timperley* **(Cape. 8s. 6d. net).**—A description of lovely country, with twelve drawings by L. S. Lowry, covering Chipping Norton, Cleeve Church, Bibury, and the land between.

Speed, *by J. Wentworth Day* **(Hutchinson. 12s. 6d. net).**—A survey of the career of Sir Malcolm Campbell, the Speed King.

Memoirs of a Soldier of Fortune, *by General Rafael de Nogales*. Adventures that cover the earth. A born fighter, an outlaw, a Knight of the Crescent, it is the life of a man who may one day find himself made a prisoner or a President.

Medieval Sculpture in France, *by Arthur Gardner* **(Cambridge University Press. £3 13s. 6d. net).**—A comprehensive text book on French medieval sculpture. It is profusely illustrated by 113 collotype and 478 half-tones accompanying the text. Simplicity and clarity are shown throughout what will prove a definitive treatment of the subject.

From Piano to Pianoforte, *by Mark Hambourg* **(Cassell. 18s. net).**—The famous pianist's reminiscences from childhood in Russia, where he was born in a bath, to marriage with a daughter of a Knight of the Bath. He has been everywhere, knows everyone, and proved that genius can be a good fellow.

Travels with a Donkey (Bodley Head. 15s. net).—Stevenson's farmers. Illustrated by E. Blampied. An edition de luxe on splendid paper.

The Book of the Fly, *by H. Sherringham and J. C. Moore*. Illustrated by George Sherringham **(Eyre and Spottiswoode. 45s. net).**—A fisherman's joy.

Modern Glass, *by Guillame Janneau* **(Studio Press. 30s. net).**—An account of the modern renaissance of decorative glass. A sumptuous treatise with 130 illustrations. Should fill a housemaid with reverence and still her iconoclastic passion.

Blodig's Alpine Calendar (Blackwood. 3s. 6d. net).—Magnificent photographs of the stern monarchs of the world, with a calendar for 1932.

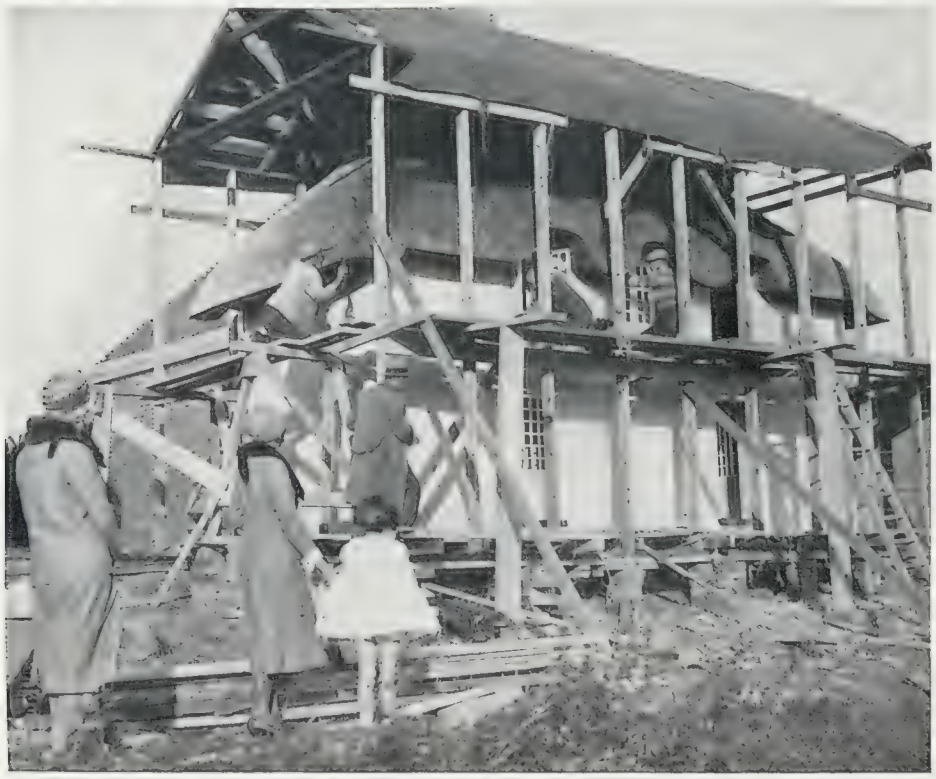
A Page of FEMININE *Interest*

AN HARROVIAN WEDDING: Miss Aileen Norwood, the second daughter of Dr. Norwood, Headmaster of Harrow, and Mr. Patrick Ormond cheered by the School outside Harrow church

MARRIED IN A VILLAGE CHURCH: Lord Mountgarret and his bride, Miss Eglantine Elizabeth Marie Christie, the daughter of a distinguished and well-known Yorkshire sportsman. The marriage was celebrated at East Witton, Yorks. Lord Mountgarret is the sixteenth viscount

A NOTABLE BRIDESMAID for Lady May Cambridge on Saturday is Princess Sybille, daughter of the ex-Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha

THE BRIDESMAIDS at the attractive wedding at Harrow of Miss Aileen Norwood, second daughter of the headmaster of Harrow, and Mr. Patrick Ormond of Juan-les-Pins



A BIRTHDAY PRESENT IN THE MAKING FOR PRINCESS ELIZABETH: The little thatched cottage, built to a two-fifths scale, which the Duchess of York has accepted on behalf of the Princess who is to receive it on April 21, 1932—her sixth birthday. It is presented by the people of Wales. The little cottage will be fully equipped with gas, water, telephone, electric light, and even a wireless set. Designed by Mr. Morgan Wilmott, F.R.I.B.A., it will cost about £2,000. The little house, whose miniature bath is seen above, will be exhibited for charity. All materials and workmanship are Welsh. The little girl is the architect's daughter

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

"LATE AUTUMN FINALS" *from* PARIS

By MADGE GARLAND

This practical hat would give a chic finish to the sports ensemble. It is by Jean Patou, and is carried out in canvas and woven with threads of Scotch wool

This model by Molyneux has a very becoming brimline. It is of felt and is trimmed at the left side with a feather. Molyneux

Satin — in a delicate shade of yellow—is used for this graceful evening gown, which has a black belt at the waist and a flared skirt. Jean Patou

Lace is one of the most popular materials for evening wear this season. This gown by Irène Dama is built on particularly slenderizing lines and is carried out in white lace

Pictures by Scaioni

The woman who really "knows" about fashion will often refuse to buy her wardrobe until the mid-season models have been launched, and there is a good deal to be said for such caution, because the small collections which are shown some two months after the official openings epitomize those trends which have been approved of by the world's buyers and by those privileged clients whose tastes help to influence the mode. Now, however, that the little season has arrived rumour must give place to reality, and we need no longer talk in terms of the future.

This autumn, luckily for us who are in the throes of a "crisis," has set the seal of approval on clothes of a very practical nature, and never before has chic been so closely allied to comfort. The recent revival of woollens has been immensely popular, and thin woollens and jerseys of every description make the majority of those dresses which are destined to be worn beneath our winter coats. The interest of their trimming is often centred in the sleeves, many of which flare out at the elbow, some are bell-shaped, while others have half-sleeves of the same material as the dress, and under-sleeves of a contrasting colour which is often repeated at the neck or at the waist. All dresses of this description have moderately full skirts which reach midway between the knee and the ankle; most of them are belted either with a stitched band of the material or with a leather belt, often of a brilliant colour. Bias cut is as popular as it is difficult to achieve, and the more a dress is cut on the cross the greater its claim to chic. Extreme examples of this are those afternoon dresses, either of wool or silk, which have the bodice and the sleeves cut in one.

Much ingenuity is employed in varying the neckline, and though many of us may regret the lingerie touches of last summer some of the new *décolletages* are extremely becoming and original. On the asymmetrical neckline of a navy blue dress a band of cherry colour finished with a bow at its lowest point, but with the opposite side of the opening left plain, is very attractive, and there is nothing to get out of order beneath a heavy coat. Softness is achieved by many afternoon gowns of dark satin or crêpe de chine by a draped top of a contrasting colour; for instance, one very successful dress was of navy blue with a slate blue top appliquéd in points which converged in the front of the bodice. Another was of dark brown wool with a yoke and sleeves of leaf-green jersey. This idea is in keeping with the tendency to broaden the shoulders which is so conspicuous in our winter coats, many of which are padded out to give us the necessary masculine silhouette. Breadth of shoulder is also achieved by fur trimmings.

But if our outline is manly, the details and the colour—and the inconsistencies—of our costumes are purely feminine. Why else should we wear the most provocative hats tilted over one eye, or draped over one ear, with a coat of workmanlike severity? and dresses of an apparent simplicity which on closer inspection prove to be most elaborately cut, and finished with such coquettish details as frills, bows, and openwork yokes?

Our evening gowns are most definitely feminine; they may choose to conceal themselves beneath a wrap which apes the mess jacket of musical comedy, or beneath a long cloak of Edwardian modesty, but the gowns themselves are composed of flounced lace, of chiffon intricately cut on the cross, and of satin moulded to the figure. Very full skirts reaching to the ankle are the most popular, though a few show a suspicion of a train.

THE HEARTH—THE HEART *of the* HOME

THE WORLD OF WOMEN—II

By MARJORIE DAY

From the very earliest days in the history of Great Britain the fire has played an important part. There are those who talk of the disappearance of the coal fire altogether, but in this country at least I think this can never be, for the hearth is and always will be the heart of every British home. It is a sort of an institution with us which, despite the new inventions and the many changes that are taking place in domestic architecture to-day, we refuse to relinquish. Perhaps the damp fogs and the sea-born mists have something to do with it.

First came the fires which were tended at night by the cave-men and by day by the women; then, subsequently, those which appeared in the Norman castles. They were placed in the middle of the room. The twelfth century brought with it a gradual change from a central position to a place at the side of the room, when the smoke was caught by a projecting hood or mantle. Here we get the word mantel-piece. Towards the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and through the Jacobean era the wooden chimney-piece came into its own. With the advent of Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren the form of the fireplace scarcely varied. During the eighteenth century the hood was discarded and the lintel of the fireplace began to be highly ornamental. And so on, through the ages, each period contributing to make the English fireplace the beautiful thing it should be, but only sometimes is.

Walls, ceilings, windows have all received great attention from modern decorators and architects, but it is only quite recently that this really important part of a room came into its own. Ornate decorations pursued their way round the iron work. Fearful and wonderful tiles with absolutely no place in the decorative scheme of the room positively shrieked their hideousness to the world. But to-day, thank goodness, this is more or less a thing of the past.

The ideal fireplace must be designed so that it warms the room. The old-fashioned hob-fireplace, with its raised grate, though attractive in appearance, allowed the greater part of the heat to go up the chimney. Economy of fuel is also of great importance in these days; and last, but not least, the grate must be easy to clean.

Now as regards position. Here is another point that has been considered far too little in the past, but now that women have a say in architectural matters there is a definite improvement, and far, far fewer fires *begin* in smoke.

Always, for instance, place your fireplace in the right position in relation to the door and window of the room. Let it be the focal point in the room with a view to the arrangement of the furniture, and so as to enable as many people as possible to get the benefit of the heat.

It so often seems to happen that fireplaces occupy the most awkward positions, either in a direct draught or squeezed up into a corner, so that a "fireside gathering" is impossible. Then again, in a room of small dimensions there should be no chimney breast, for this tends to take away from the wall space.

The settings for the modern grates are as beautiful as they are varied; we have all that is best to choose from both from the past and the present, so there is no excuse for an unsightly fireplace.

Some very fine examples of the art of modern designers are given on this page.

In conclusion, a word on coal-scuttles. They should not be regarded merely as objects of utility. In artistic designs of brass or copper they can be extraordinarily attractive, and in some homes the coal-box is built into the adjoining wall.

A cosy corner in an oak-panelled room that simply invites a friendly gathering around the fire. In a recess of this kind the hearth is entirely free from uncomfortable draughts. Standard lamps throwing out warm rays, together with luxuriously easy chairs give an added sense of restfulness

Picture by Humphrey and Vera Joel

Here is a fire-place that is essentially modern in character. It is in a room in a house in Surrey which was designed by the well-known designer, F. W. Troup, F.R.I.B.A. The severity of line and material are ideal for the billiards room

A fascinating modern version of a Jacobean fireplace in an oak-panelled room. The fire itself is actually electric but gives the appearance of an old-time log flame

This brick grate is enclosed in a polished wood mantelpiece designed by Lucien Rollin. The spiral motif in the andirons is repeated in the white opaque glass lights on either side of the mirror

Ficture by Joan and Howard Coster

Additional light and an effect of spaciousness is given to a room by the clever introduction of a mirror over the fireplace — a very modern note!

Walnut — a favourite medium with designers of to-day is used for this chimney-piece. Note how the mottled tiles blend with the wall decoration

NOTES and NEWS

RIDING FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE

On crisp autumnal mornings nothing is more invigorating than a sharp canter before breakfast. For one's own comfort as well as for the sake of appearance it is essential that one's breeches be of faultless cut, and those who place an order with the Bedford Riding Breeches Company, 19, New Quebec Street, Marble Arch, W., can be certain of absolute satisfaction in this respect. This firm caters for everyone—men, women, boys and girls, and, in addition to riding breeches, they make a speciality of jodhpurs. They have a splendid selection of materials from which to choose, and their charges are from 12s. 6d. to 75s. per pair, jodhpurs being 2s. per pair extra. Complete riding outfits are from 75s. to £10 10s. and patterns will be sent on application to all intending purchasers. Riding accessories are also included in their stock, and leather leggings made from the pick of the very best hides in black or tan may be purchased for the extremely low figure of 21s. There are also canvas leggings made of strong drab canvas for 14s. 6d. and 21s. per pair. Hunting stocks, riding whips, string gloves, and riding boots are other accessories which may be purchased here at most reasonable prices, and those who are unable to make a personal call should write for a catalogue.

SUPER-SHIRTS

Shirts are very important in masculine eyes. Even the man who is otherwise most careless about his personal appearance will take trouble when selecting a shirt. The material of which they are made must reach a high standard; it must be soft yet durable, the colours must be clear and fadeless, and above all it must not shrink in the wash, for nothing, except, maybe, the proverbial lost collar-stud, is more likely to upset the male temper than a collar that is tight or sleeves that are short. Tricoline shirts are a happy solution to this problem, for Tricoline is a fabric that combines all these estimable qualities with a most pleasing, silk-like finish, and to-day it is *guaranteed unshrinkable* by the manufacturers. It is produced in a large variety of stripes and plain colours; in fact, every taste is catered for. Tricoline pyjamas, too, are excellent, reliable in every way; their lustrous finish is permanent, and the softness of the material makes them essentially comfortable for night-wear.

On right—**MRS. ALFRED C. BOSSOM, the wife of the National Conservative candidate for Maidstone. A patron of the Arts, she has purchased Epstein's "Genesis" and owns examples of his art and Rodin's. A distinguished hostess, her musical parties in Carlton Gardens are famous—at one of which Toscanini kept his only private engagement in England**

THE TEMPLE OF BETTER BALLROOM DANCING

For those who really appreciate the music of a band that combines rhythm with melody (not too often the case with bands to-day), a room that is altogether pleasing both from a decorative and an æsthetic point of view and a company of people who are keen dancers purely for dancing's sake, there is one institution to give them their heart's desire.

This paragon of a place is to be found at 79, Queen's Road, Bayswater, and is the home of the Amateur Dancers' Club. The club is the creation of its proprietor, Mr. Thomas Warwick, founder of the Amateur Dancers' Association—a wealthy business man whose skill at his hobby, ballroom dancing, has won him many prizes. Mr. Warwick's love of dancing has resulted in the existence of the Amateur Dancers' Club or, as I recently heard it very aptly described, as the temple of "Better Ballroom Dancing."

The atmosphere of the club is essentially friendly and informal, and although the general standard of dancing is probably higher than anywhere else in London, every encouragement and help are given to the less proficient performer. As an instance, dancing competitions are frequently held, when novices, amateurs, experts, amateurs dancing with professional veterans and ladies dancing together have all a chance of carrying off the spoils.

Then there is the qualification and introductory badge, which is one of the most interesting features of the club's activities. The badge was originated with the idea of forming an introduction between members who have satisfied the judges as to their ability in dancing.

Qualification dances are held each afternoon and evening when members can qualify in the most popular of this year's dances, namely the waltz, the fox trot, and the quick step. After having satisfied the judge that they are reasonably good dancers, they can then attend the club on a badge presentation night and receive their badges. Furthermore, the scheme provides for badge-holders' nights and competitions for which partners are arranged among other badge-holders by ballot. The badge also acts as a medium of introduction, for any such holder is allowed to ask members of the opposite sex to dance without the conventional introduction.

The food and service of the club are excellent. If you wish to wine and dine your friends well, there is no better place to choose and no more attractive setting for a friendly evening. The club has a full club licence, and every Thursday an extension of dancing until 2 a.m. One important point, which cannot be too strongly emphasized in these days of economy, is the reasonable bill which is presented to you at the end of an enjoyable evening, and the excellent standard of food and service which you obtain. The club membership numbers some 1,500; the annual subscription is 2 guineas.

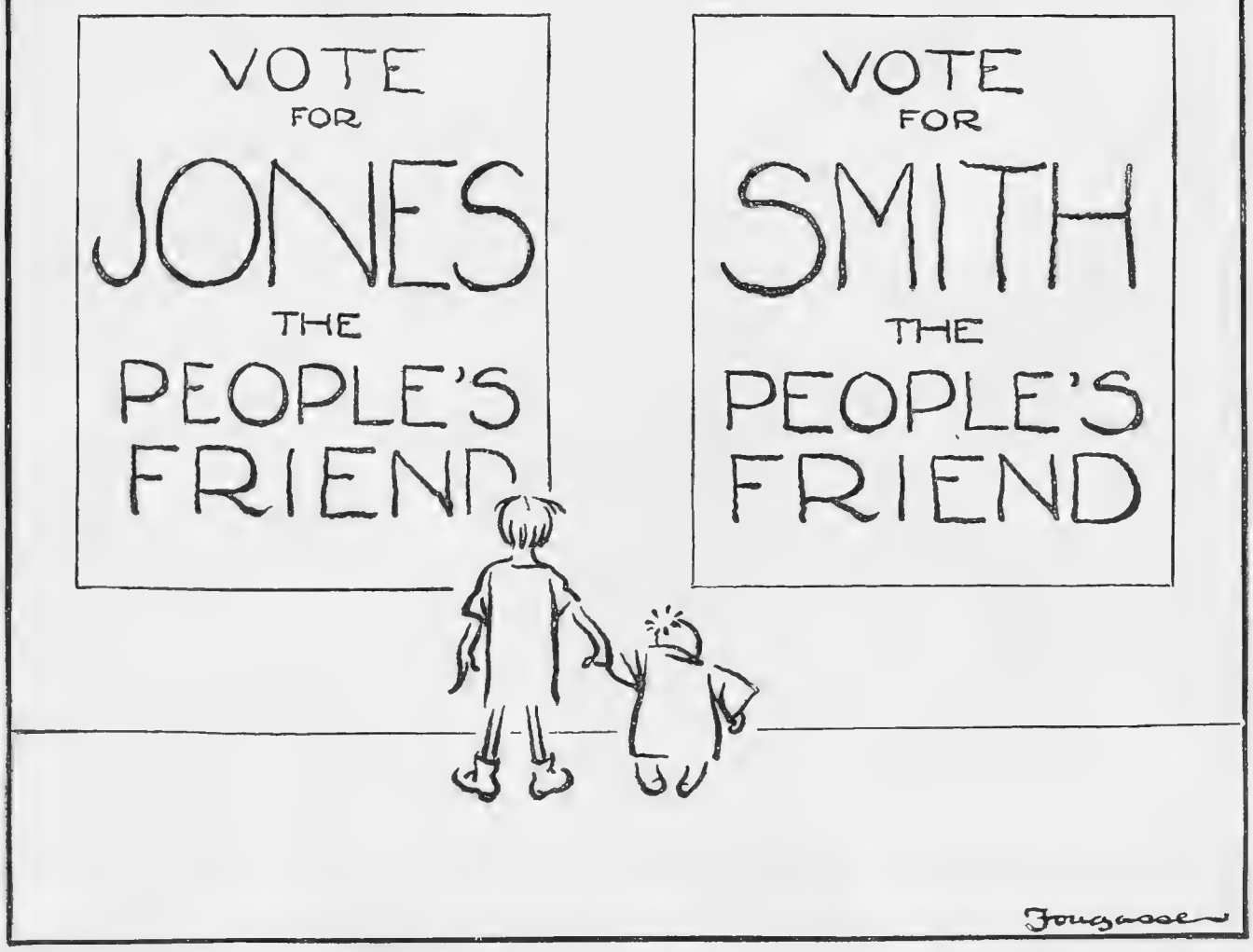
THE TEMPLE OF BETTER BALLROOM DANCING: A view of the excellent floor of the Amateur Dancers' Club, Queen's Road, Bayswater

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

It is with great pleasure we report that one of the tailors in the Fordham House Technical School has been awarded an evening exhibition at the Regent Street Polytechnic. This goes to show how well the boys are trained in this establishment. When one thinks what the lives of these boys might have been had they not been cared for by this great Society, one appreciates the great care and attention which must be bestowed on them. Funds are greatly needed to carry on this important work for the nation and should be sent to the secretary at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, when they will be promptly acknowledged.

LONDON

WHERE ABDULLAS COME FROM



THE LONDON GUIDE

OUR LEGISLATIVE SYSTEM.

"Not once or twice in our rough island story has a whole-hearted Lab kissed an out-and-out Tory," and that is perhaps the secret of our greatness, or would be if it was. For every pro we have a con, and for every one who rallies to a standard we have one who rallies against it.

Politics—the fierce clash of wits between two implacable foes, both working for the same ends, for the same reason, and in the same way—how the word "politics" stirs the blood (if I may be excused for using such an expression in such a connection).

And here you have a picture of our legislative system, or as much of it as really comes to the notice of the average man or woman. And, of course, the seat of government of these islands (if by government you mean Government) is London—London, where, as we all know, ABDULLA CIGARETTES come from.

FOUGASSE

VIRGINIA TURKISH EGYPTIAN

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

AUTUMN WEEK-ENDS *in the* WEST COUNTRY

The Charm of the Fall of the Year is at its Best in Devon and Cornwall

If ever the advance of science brings us a magic carpet we shall probably find it has been sadly over-rated as a mode of journeying. Were one to appear here and now, and the Genii in charge to offer to transpose us in an instant to Marazion or Mullion, Morthoe or Manaton, we should accept—for loved things are hard to refuse, however come by—but we should miss, maybe, their richest flavour.

IN THE DOONE COUNTRY: Dulverton with its encircling wooded hills

For it is a fallacy that the destination is everything and the journey does not matter. The journey to any place is the fit and proper prelude to it, giving you its bearings, and at the same time tuning you to respond to it.

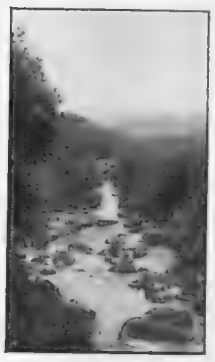
To speed westward, sitting at ease in your train, as you pass the silver Thames, slip by the long, green bulwark of the fair Wiltshire Downs, and across the little sea of choppy, English country beyond, as you near the Devon border there will dawn on you again the subtle magic that dwells in the soft beauty of that broad shire.

Devon is broad indeed. She is not to be contained in her historic cities—Exeter and Plymouth and the rest—or in the fairyland that man and Nature have conspired to build on the Torquay cliffs. History, romance, and beauty are here in plenty; but the heart of Devon lies deeper. It lies in the little nooks and crannies, sheltering in the lee of a high and lonely tor, buried deep in some wooded combe, haunting the sandy sea-lanes. You may find it where white cottages cluster among the apple trees or on some "furze-fringed rag of an upland." Most certainly you may find it by the Dart, that wholly Devon river that never touches alien ground; the Dart is born in the heart of the moor which bears its name, slips swiftly down by wood and moorland; fir and birch are mirrored in the pools and its speed flecks its rocky course with foam and fills the valley with music. Through the lovely foothills it slips, by Buckland-in-the-Moor, Holne, and Buckfast, and on to Totnes.

OFF THE CORNISH COAST: Round which numberless seagull wheel

There the Dart sobers and widens out and deepens, and steamers ply up and down from Dartmouth — passing such villages as Dittisham, so lovely that even sight can only make us half believe in them. And so to Dartmouth and the open sea—both big in Devon story.

As an epitome of the country, Cornwall in little, take the Lizard, that ten miles long promontory that stretches its gaunt length out in the southern sea. Here you have the finest rock scenery in England, as at Kynance Cove where huge bulks of rock rise alternately from seas of sapphire blue (fringed white where it frets them) and smooth golden sands. There are other coves with hamlets perched on them, Mullion—facing the south-west gales and vivid with sun and wind; Cadgewith—round Lizard point and not so storm-blown, though still airy enough for anyone—and then Coverack, facing the sunrise from a little bay of its own, with shelter enough for the cottages in its steep little street to be roofed with thatch. Above the cliffs of Lizard are the moors, treeless, but clad with the beauty of gorse and heather.



DARTMOOR: A stream winds peacefully southward to the Channel

Almost severing the Lizard from the mainland is the Helstone river, and—as a contrast to the wind-swept cliffs—the estuary of this, as of those of the Fal and the Fowey, is almost sub-tropical, as you may see by the vegetation that flourishes there.

But to everyone *Cornwall* means something different. To the artist it means Polperro and St. Ives, and the group of painters who work at Newlyn; to the bather the great sand stretches at the foot of the northern cliffs at Carbis, Perranporth, and Newquay; to the walker the cliff paths of Lizard and Land's End, and the northern bays and the inland moors. And to the lovers of old romance and history—"Tintagel by the Western sea," where the spirits of Arthur and Guinevere, his queen, still haunt the highest, darkest cliffs, and gaze over the bluest sea that fronts the English coast.

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Readers are reminded that "The Sphere" Travel Bureau is always at their disposal to help them to choose a suitable holiday for any time of the year. This bureau will readily provide details of fares, routes, hotels, and resorts by return of post. Each request has personal care and attention, and the advice given is entirely unbiased. All requests are answered free; 3d. in stamps is required to cover postage of booklets, etc. Address your inquiry to: "THE SPHERE" Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

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RADIANT TOURS

"Sunshine and blue skies; farms and homesteads nestling among the mountains and hills; orchards of peach and plum filling the valleys with blossom; the perfume of orange groves; the profusion of wild flowers; the camp fire and the call of the wild in the Bushveld; the quest of open roads trailing away to far horizons; the sparkling air of the Highveld; sun and sea bathing on golden beaches; the bright warm days and cool starlit nights—these memories and a splendid feeling of health and fitness after my last holiday in South Africa are luring me back there for the coming Winter."

These are the recollections of an English visitor's holiday in South Africa last year. May we send you our booklet "Radiant Tours"—the new programme of Winter Travel in South Africa? Posted free on request to The Director, South African Government Travel Bureau, 73, Strand, London, W.C. 2, or the Leading Tourist Agencies.

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands Motor Course)

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW.—The almost universal opinion regarding the Motor Show is that no more interesting collection of motor vehicles has ever before been assembled together. No matter on what stand one looks there is evidence that the maker of the particular car displayed has definitely made a serious attempt to meet the wishes of the public. Colours are brighter, doors wider, bodies lower, and prices more enticing than ever before. Visitors, as I expected, were streaming out questions to the attendants on any stand where easy change gear-boxes had been adopted. The usual stories of colossal sales were floating around, but most of these tales have very little foundation in fact.

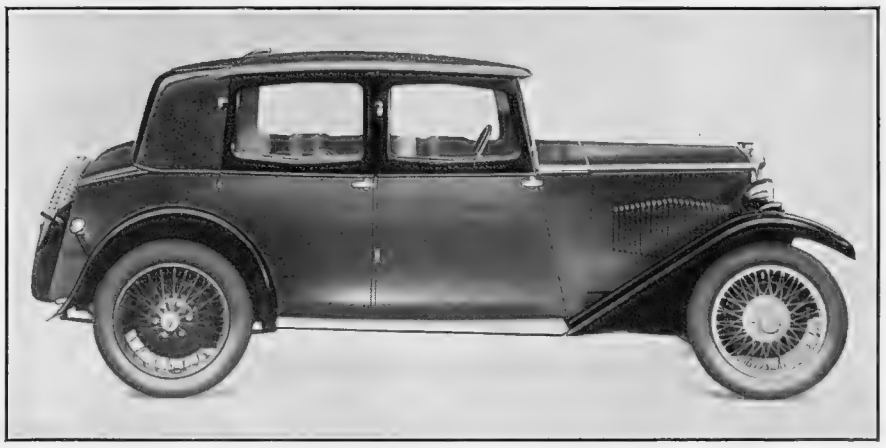
All the same, business was distinctly good, and this is not surprising when the nature of the exhibits is taken into account. As I said in my notes last week, the man who has money to spend and goes to the Show is almost bound to come away having either bought or decided to buy a new motor car.

The organizers of the exhibition, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, were very wise to include the three fastest specimens of transport in air, on land and on water. As I stood amongst the crowd gathered around the group of machines on each day that I attended Olympia, it was not difficult to discover that the record-breaking seaplane was the favourite. Unlike most pieces of machinery, it is a sheer joy to behold. Its lines are extraordinarily graceful and the bulkiest parts were definitely the floats. I wonder how many of the visitors who gazed on Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth's mount realized that probably the biggest difficulty with which the designer had to contend was to find sufficient surface to support the necessary radiators for cooling the oil and the water. No one, on looking at the machine, would ever guess that the entire body is an oil radiator and that the wings act as cooling surfaces for the circulating water.

In these days, when people are inclined to be depressed because they are Britons, it is a real good tonic to look on this seaplane, remember what it has done, and that it was designed and made in this country.

THE ACCESSORIES GALLERY.—The new staircase up to the gallery was a real brain-wave and was very much appreciated, because in the past it has not been too easy to find the way up from the ground floor. If anything, the new staircase makes the crush in the gallery even worse than before.

Last week I was able to draw attention to some of the more interesting of the car exhibits, but space then prevented me from mentioning what was to be seen and learnt from the stands belonging to the accessory and other similar firms. I noticed quite a crowd round the stand occupied by the British Petroleum Company, and people appeared to be asking questions as to why B.P. Plus, the well-known spirit, was blue, and why the fuel had such pronounced anti-knock qualities. Motorists do not all realize that this very large British concern also sells commercial spirit, a tractor vaporizing oil for farm tractors, another vaporizing oil for stationary engines, B.P. domestic fuel oil, and two brands of ordinary lamp oil known as "Whitemay" and "Royal Standard."



"PLUS ULTRA": The new Riley Monaco Saloon, known as the "Plus Ultra" type, now has a dropped chassis frame. The roomy body accommodates five people

DUNLOP RUBBER CO.—The activities of the great Dunlop concern are well displayed. On Stand 473 the visitor can see the latest Dunlop Triple-Stud Tread. There are the Dunlop Fort, the Standard, and the Clipper tyres, along with sections of each, whilst close at hand can be seen various kinds of detachable wheels including that known as the Magna-Centre. On each occasion that I went round I noticed a number of people examining the cross sections of the well-known Dunlop well-base rim. Practically all motorists use these rims, but very few really understand why their employment makes motoring so safe. On another Dunlop stand I noticed a new hydraulic jack capable of lifting three tons. This conforms to the recent Ministry of Transport Order which requires all public service vehicles to carry a jack able to raise a wheel at least 6 in. clear of the road. A feature of this accessory is that all the operating mechanism is safely inside. I do not suppose that every motor owner realizes that the firm which makes his tyres is also responsible for accessories like this hydraulic jack, rubber-headed mallets, wire brushes, hood paint, etc. The exhibits staged by Messrs. W. Goodyear and Sons, Ltd., Dudley, show a selection of wire wheels, pressed steel wheels, disc wheels, and a whole selection of pressings for chassis. This firm is owned by the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd.

AVON INDIA RUBBER CO.—A very interesting display was found on the Avon Stand, and it is interesting to note that the liaison begun last year between the Avon India Rubber Co., Ltd., and the Seiberling Rubber Co. of Akron, U.S.A., is now firmly established. It must not be assumed, however, that this association makes the Avon India Rubber Co. American, because that is quite contrary to the facts, as the company still remains wholly British under its own board of directors, but it has the advantage of access to the technical knowledge of the Seiberling Company. The chief attraction on the stand are the Avon Supreme and Premier tyres. The pattern of the thread is very practical and efficient. After looking at these the visitor will probably not be surprised to learn that every tyre which leaves the factory carries the makers' guarantee.

(Continued on p. 172)

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The PETROL World

• By A. PERCY BRADLEY •

(Continued from p. 170)

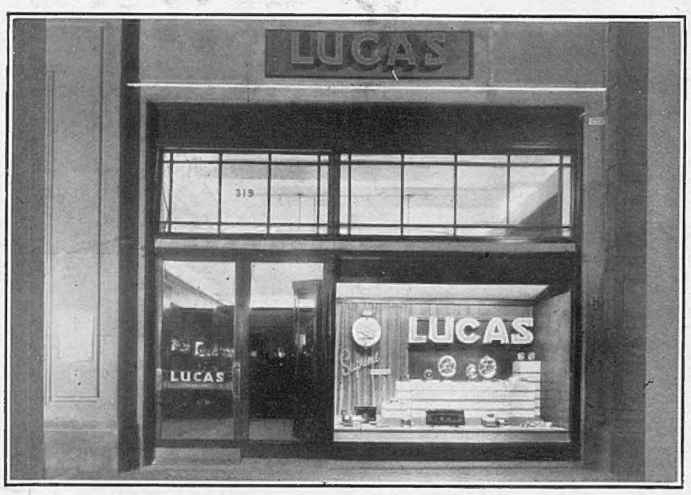
CASTROL OIL.—As I passed the stand of C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., I obtained a copy of a booklet entitled *Achievements on Castrol*, which this well-known firm recently published. The usual booklet issued by a commercial concern is stodgy and uninteresting, but this latest effort of C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., is definitely an exception, and a copy should be obtained by every motorist. From the company's stand in the Grand Hall Gallery a free distribution of their well-known lubrication charts is being made. A full range of Castrol motor-oils and greases including, of course, Castrollo, the new upper cylinder lubricant, is displayed. I noticed an article called "The Ram" grease-gun which entirely obviates the mess and trouble involved in transferring grease from the container to the gun. Like many others I missed the familiar revolving globe which has been a feature of the Wakefield Stand for many years. I found in its place, however, an equally ingenious device consisting of nine hour glasses which continuously demonstrate the viscosity of Castrol motor oils.

STEEL BODYWORK.—The Pressed Steel Company of Great Britain, Ltd., have a stand on the ground floor of the Main Hall, and on this is shown three typical examples of pressed steel bodywork. There is a Harley saloon on a Twelve-Six Austin, a Hillman Wizard "75" saloon *de luxe*, and a *de luxe* saloon mounted on the 12-h.p. 6-cylinder Rover Pilot. On another stand. No. 276, situated in the gallery of the National Hall, will be found a half-section of an all-steel saloon body as fitted to the Hillman Wizard and to the Twelve-Six Austin. These sectional exhibits show clearly how the body on these cars is made. I also focussed my eye on an interesting novelty which this company produces; it is known as a snapspoke. This is really a jacket of stainless steel which fits over the existing spokes of a wire wheel, thus making them permanently bright. These snapspokes are a real good job and fit without rattle or noise. Certainly a wheel fitted with these makes a car much smarter and avoids much trouble in cleaning. The cost is no more than that of a good coat of paint.

SHELL PRODUCTS.—The well-known firm of Shell-Mex, Ltd., have set aside their stand for the reception of visitors. Anyone interested in Shell petrol, oil or any other Shell product is invited to pay a visit to this stand and discuss any problems in the running of his car with the experts who are there specially to solve any fuel or lubrication troubles which may be brought to them. Lubrication charts for various cars can be obtained on the stand for the asking.

It must not be assumed that the exhibits gathered together under the roofs of Olympia are complete and represent everything that the motor trade has to offer. For instance, no exhibit of a Ford car is on view. This, in my humble opinion, is a great pity — the Ford Motor Company know their own business best—but I am sure that the visitors to Olympia would like to see the very latest of what is after all an institution as well as a motor-car. The latest model Fords are very far removed from the model which did duty some years ago. They are extremely nice to look at, remarkably fast, comfortable to driver and passenger alike, and above all ridiculously cheap. The Ford Motor Company are also responsible for the Lincoln motor-car, which must be considered one of the world's best automobile products.

REBUILDING OLD TYRES.—Tyres to-day so seldom wear out that when they do apparently arrive at the end of their life motorists are at a loss to know what to do. The first idea is to buy a new set which, of course, is quite satisfactory, but in these hard times it is just as well to remember that the Associated Rubber Manufacturers, Ltd., whose head office is at 172, Great Portland Street, London, will rebuild an old tyre which they will guarantee for 8,000 miles, and the cost works out at about 50 per cent. under that for a new one. Running on worn tyres is always foolish, but to-day under the new powers which the police have it may not only be foolish but unusually expensive. A prosecution may result, bringing with it a fine up to £10 for a first offence. Motorists should, therefore, look after their tyres, and when they are nearing the danger state they should consider the advisability of having them rebuilt at the Almagam Mills, Harpenden, Herts, where they should be sent.

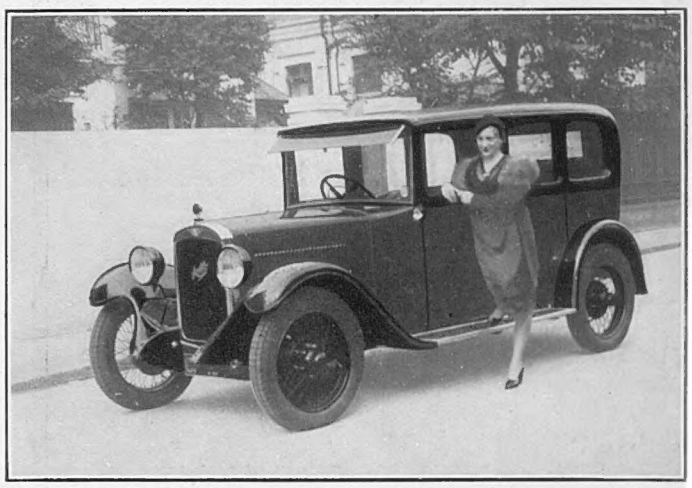


On left—

A LIGHTING HIGH-LIGHT: A view of the new Regent Street showrooms of Messrs. Joseph Lucas, the well-known manufacturers of electrical equipment for cars, etc.

On right—

THE CAR FOR THE STAR: Miss Binnie Hale, the famous musical comedy actress, with her Austin Sixteen "Burnham" saloon of which she has recently taken delivery



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I never saw a man go down a gangway so quickly. "THREE BAGS OF OPIUM" is a fast moving story in the October issue.

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✧ ✧ ✧ ✧

"In November of 1817 the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Coburg wrote in her diary: 'The courier has arrived . . . Charlotte is dead! Good God! . . . No mortal can understand why this beautiful flower should fade at the morning of her life and drop off without fruit, with which she would have blessed her country.'

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Later in the year Prince Albert was born in Coburg, and his mother wrote that he was 'pretty as an angel, with big blue eyes, a beautiful nose, quite a small mouth and dimples in his cheeks . . . He smiles the whole time.'

Sixteen years passed before Prince Albert came to England, to meet his future bride . . . ."

In "Queen Victoria's Love Story" by Hector Bolitho.

Some of the letters quoted in this article are from the Archives of Coburg and have never before been published in England.

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